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PETER FENELON COLLIER.

No. 523 West 13th Street, New York.

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NEW YORK, THURSDAY, OCTOBER 1, 1896.

CHARLES READE.

How many of the English novelists of the Victorian era will be read a century hence? All intelligent persons would probably agree in naming Thackeray and Dickens, and a majority, most probably, would add George Eliot and Robert Louis Stevenson. There are those, doubtless, who believe that some of the writings of Bulwer, of Trollope, of Hardy, and of George Meredith will survive. If, however, the longevity of novels be proportioned, not only to their merit as works of art, but also to the vividness with which they serve as mirrors of the time, to the breadth and accuracy with which they reflect, on the one hand, contemporary manners, and on the other hand, the whole structure and dynamic factors of contemporary society, there is a Victorian author whose claim to be long remembered and assiduously perused is not a whit inferior to any of those that we have mentioned. We refer to Charles Reade, who has left behind him some fourteen or fifteen novels of considerable length, besides a multitude of shorter stories, most of which, considered merely as pictures of English usages and manners, are as faithful as were Trollope's productions, and which, unlike Trollope's, often deal with the urgent social problems of the day. Of what incalculable value to the Greek or Roman historian would be a series of novels, which, while interesting the reader in the fortunes of the *dramatis personae*, should discuss the state of things which existed in Athens or in Rome, as regards the treatment of prisoners in jail, the treatment of the insane, the relation of workmen to their employers, the law of marine insurance, the law of inheritance, the specific economy of the theater, the conditions of domestic servitude, and the social evil. It is a service of just this kind which the novels of Charles Reade will render to the future historian of England in the Victorian age.

One often hears it said by men who expend but little time on a searching or sympathetic observation of the world they live in, and who never lose a night's rest in thinking of the mischiefs they could wish to cure, that Charles Reade was not an artist in the high and right sense of the term; but that, by writing novels with a purpose, he abjured the fundamental condition of artistic writing. He is but a pamphleteer they say; if so, he was an inspired one, for he surpassed Burke in the power of riveting the reader's attention, of using the English language to play upon the human heart, and in driving home to the public conscience the purpose which he had in view. It may be true that in most of his writings he renounced the

highest form of art, the art which does all for art's sake, which tolerates no exterior aims, and which, having accomplished or approached the aesthetic perfection contemplated, sits enthroned, like the gods of Epicurus, careless of mankind. It was not in Charles Reade's nature to be careless of mankind. He chose, with his eyes open, and with a hand apt for either function, to be a reformer and philanthropist rather than an artist; a teacher rather than an enchanter; an apostle of the useful rather than of the beautiful. That he could have delighted without preaching, and fascinated without exhorting, that he could have produced consummate works of art, unmingled with ulterior intentions, has been conclusively demonstrated by his "Peg Woffington," and "Christie Johnstone," and, we may add, by "The Cloister and the Hearth." That "Peg Woffington," whether in its ethical or its dramatic form, is an artistic masterpiece seems firmly attested by the fact that at the close of half a century it is still, on the stage or in the closet, a sure awakener of smiles and tears. "The Cloister and the Hearth" is not the less an admirable work of art because it is also an almost incredible *tour de force*, being one of the few compositions extant which go near to satisfy the hard, and as some think, insuperable, conditions of the historical novel. That this book is the crystallized product of a vast amount of patient study and of first-hand research, is undisputed by those who are most thoroughly acquainted with the social, intellectual, and religious conditions of Holland, Germany and Italy in the last half of the fifteenth century, the time of Philip the Good, the time of the father of Erasmus. But although no microscope has ever laid bare an anachronism, there is no sign of labor in the historical setting of the narrative, and the reader's mind is never diverted from the story of a love not destined to find its earthly close, a story not less enchainning and pathetic because it seems to have had some traditional foundation in real life.

That Reade produced at least three novels which were works of art in the narrowest and most conventional meaning of the word, is certain; as it also is, that nothing but a deliberate preference for philanthropic propagandism drew him to a somewhat different field. Novels with or without a purpose, few men were better qualified to write. Few had so wide, so deep, and so accurate a knowledge of contemporary England, or had so thoroughly trained themselves, by the study of the best models and by unremitting practice, to act as portrayers or as reformers through the mastery of the English tongue and the methods of literary exposition. Charles Reade seems to have begun with a modest undervaluation of his own abilities, and a just estimate of the scope and requisites of the craft which aims to influence men by the written word. Few things are more interesting or instructive than to mark the gradual unfolding of his talent, and the progressive improvement of his workmanship, under the pressure of a resolute will and the beacon light of aims well-placed and exemplars well-selected. Strange as it may seem to those who are disposed to judge an author by the letters hastily indited for the newspapers in bursts of not unreasonable wrath, it is nevertheless true that a difficult self-appraisal is the key to Reade's earlier vagaries in matters of type and punctuation, and was the mainspring of his steadily increasing success. We may perhaps find in it, too, an index of the quality and limitations of his talent. What distinguished this man from other novices in his beginning, was the distinctness, with which he perceived the essential, incurable defects of the written word, considered as an instrument of transmission or portraiture. Anybody can see how far in the power of expression most weavers of English prose fall short of Bacon or Swift or Ruskin; but few discern how far these very models must have fallen short of the writers' own conceptions. No student of style, if it be not Lessing, has described more keenly the inseparable shortcomings of written language than the author of "Never too Late to Mend." It is obvious that one who could lay his finger so unerringly on the flaws of the literary medium could hardly fail to grade aright the skill of those who had found means to manipulate it, and, therefore, could not share the blind assurance of most tyros, or conceive himself competent at the start, if ever, to vie with the masters of pictorial diction. In a word, Reade's fantastic

and soon-renounced attempt to compass the ends of literary art by a flank movement, so to speak; by the adventitious means of mixed type, novel punctuation, grouping of sentences, or any other device which should hit the reader's sense and shoot the meaning into his brain, really attested an auspicious sincerity of purpose, and an exemplary lack of confidence in the writer's powers of efficient work in the normal way—not the eccentricity and charlatanism which most people saw in it. Whatever may be said of such mechanical helps in the projection of ideas, if they had long been naturalized on the printed page, it soon became evident to the innovator himself that their present application frustrated his main object, their strange and grotesque aspect distracting the reader's mind from the thought to the mere vehicle of utterance. Accordingly, Reade soon set himself to toil in the old ruts, and to extort from the verbal apparatus handed down to us what potency of expression lay in it. He does not seem to have been born an artist in language; doubtless, no man is, though one inclines to think that Sterne and Thackeray must have owed almost as much of their nimble, unwavering felicity to nature as to study; indeed, the aroma of their humor often seems too subtle and evanescent to consent to any but an intuitive embodiment. It is safer, however, to minimize the share of intuition and to magnify the share of industry in every artistic achievement, and, if we are led to dwell with special emphasis on the painstaking habits of this particular author, it is because in his initial ventures, the workman did not always hide his tools; his ideas and images moved somewhat stiffly in their dress of words, although the latter was uniformly trim and fresh, never second-hand or slovenly. Eventually, Reade attained a remarkable command of the English language, whether we regard his management of structure and idiom, or the range of his vocabulary. If we except certain delicate, ethereal kinds of irony and humor, and also the loftier and least selfish strivings of human nature, there is scarcely any theme conceivable, short of the abstract sciences or the mechanical arts, to which Reade's style does not happily adapt itself. We come now and then, though not frequently, on a bit of scenery, to match the cleanness of touch in which we should have to go to Walter Scott, and even that famous landscape painter would have used more strokes of the brush. There are dialogues, too, of which the dash, and sparkle, and exquisite economy of words might perhaps be paralleled in Congreve, but scarcely in any later English dramatist; and finally, he has known how to embody in most of his characters veritable human beings who, on the somewhat homely plane of thought and purpose where they dwell, are sharply outlined, sinewy and instinct with life. Such firm and large control over the resources of our language was gained, as the author frankly tells us, by intense, methodical, and unremitting labor, but it is not the less a splendid proof of talent. Not only is the dialogue uniformly crisp and racy, and not seldom studded with wit and epigram, but a piquant humor is occasionally infused in several of the interlocutors. Thus, in the novel called "The Woman Hater," the writer contrives to make extremely diverting the figure of the woman-hater himself, who, of course, like most professed misogynists, is at heart a devout worshiper of the vilipended sex. Much of the comedy of this particular story is supplied by brisk encounters between this disenchanted and philosophical young man and a sprightly, unconventional specimen of the flirt species on the one hand, and a singularly astute and acrid maiden lady, who fills with relish the office of duenna, on the other. So, too, the advent of a female doctor among the hinds of an old-fashioned village is made to form a mirthful episode, in which the mode of life, ideas, and language of the typical agricultural laborer are reproduced with delightful realism.

Charles Reade, in fact, was always a realist, as much so as was Trollope; although the former's realism was of a more artistic and less mechanical sort. For the most part, the latter gave us only pale photographs, reflecting, with prosaic exactitude such commonplace scenes and persons as in the West End of London or the society of a cathedral town we should see every day, but might not care to look at twice. The former, on the other hand, shows a painter's skill in culling and grouping, in heighten-

ing the colors of nature just enough to compensate for the imperfections of the medium in which he worked, and finally, in devising situations calculated to quicken somewhat the pulse of normal human nature; yet is he studious always to adjust the composition, the tints and the movement of his pictures to the proportions and the atmosphere of actual or easily-conceivable experience. The result is that Reade is incomparably more interesting, nay, exciting, than is Trollope. While we readily admit that the latter's characters may have lived in the flesh, a languid doubt too often arises whether such existence was worth describing; we look with a listless eye on their insipid joys and small ambitions, and find it hard to care a straw whether the distressingly correct or mildly naughty youths, who make shift to fill the role of heroes, fare well or ill in their tame wooings. But give a young woman one of Charles Reade's books, and, ten to one, she will cry out with Miranda, "Oh, brave, new world, that hath such creatures in't!" Certainly, there is no young man that is worth his salt, who would not fall head over heels in love with any one of the fifty damsels who gleam upon him from Reade's pages.



BY EDGAR SALTUS.

SOME women are born liars, others catch on with entire ease. In Newspaper Row an interesting lie is more valuable than a stupid truth. For lack of better material the press of two continents has been discussing a statement made by Gertrude Atherton. This lady, who is a Californian, is a maker of books. Now to make books is easy enough, but to sell them is a different matter. They must be talked about; or, what amounts to the same thing, their maker must be. And to be talked about, merely for that, there are people who have committed suicide. What the sales of Mrs. Atherton's books have been I have no means of knowing. From the circumstances in the case I presume that latterly the demand has not exceeded the supply. At present hot cakes never went quicker. Mrs. Atherton is being talked about, and what is even more serviceable, she is being abused. A month ago she was a memory. To-day she is a Prominent Person. Such is the advantage of judicious advertising. The mode which this lady chose was simple in the extreme. She put two nations at loggerheads. In a letter to the editor of the London "Daily News" she stated that Englishmen were lovely and Americans were the reverse, that the former were splendid and lordly, and the latter avaricious and vile.

All of which, of course, is nonsense. But the statement which passes unchallenged is a platitude. To excite comment a statement must invite contradiction. Mrs. Atherton's views are unimportant; it is the guile of her that I admire. Had she told the truth, had she said that between English and Americans, good, bad and indifferent, there is not much of a muchness, had she said that human nature, like human stupidity, is invariable and the same, no one would have noticed, no one would have cared. It would have been tantamount to saying water is wet and dust is dry. Knowing that, knowing that human nature is the same, and human stupidity likewise, this lady said, "I'll stir everybody up." And she has. Englishmen are so accustomed to being abused that they are startled at her compliment, and we are so accustomed to being flattered that we are annoyed at the reproach.

We pretend to admire England, but in our hearts we don't. That is instinct. We don't really admire anything which is not our own. That is patriotism. We hate to be abused. That is human. We love to abuse others. That is stupid. But we defend ourselves when attacked, and that is American.

It was on just these things that Mrs. Atherton counted when she wrote that letter to the "Daily News." In a few days an answer appeared. Then another came, then a dozen; they are pouring in still. And to Mrs. Atherton's delight all are indignant. An Englishman, you know, is a great chap for fair play—not in war, or in diplomacy, or in Africa, or in his prisons, or in his homes; but in the news-

papers he is a very square fellow, easily abashed at a compliment, ready and anxious to take up the cudgels for some one else. Then, too, there are plenty of Americans in London, and where is the American worth the name who ever pocketed an insult yet?

"Aha! we are money-greedy and sensual, are we?" said the commercial gentlemen who support the Langham and hold up the Criterion bar. "We'll show her." And on hotel notepaper, and in their own grammar, vehemently did they protest, looked for that protest the next morning, found it, read it, read it to themselves, read it to their friends, to their enemies, sent marked copies to every one they knew and ordered complete editions of Mrs. Atherton's works.

So is the *gosh* cause served. But what is the truth? Leaving Englishmen to take care of themselves, and putting aside the fact that the statement concerning us was but a bid for notice, are we as a nation what Mrs. Atherton has said?

In New York, as in Chicago, St. Louis and San Francisco, there are men without number who are that and nothing more, whose aims are sordid and whose lives are vile. But it is the same thing in all large cities. It always has been the same. I dare say it was not a bit different in Nippur, that archaic city which has just been unearthed. But in every large city the preponderant tone is distinctly healthful and moral. It has to be. Were it otherwise there would be no living in it. Paris has always been regarded as a sink of iniquity. Paris is a very big place. The iniquity that exists there is within circumscribed limits, and is due almost wholly to foreigners. The police system is admirable. The safety of the inhabitant and of the visitor is assured as it is nowhere else. Whatever vice there may be, must be looked for, for it is hidden. And yet Paris has a very bad name. If it deserved it, it could not be what it is, the fairest and most artistic city on earth. On the other hand, you remember the invitation to see Naples and die—*Vedi Napoli e poi morir*. The climate is divine, the natural beauties are entrancing, but so sordid has it become, so untrammelled the vice, so low the general tone, that life is impossible there, and the Capua of legend has become the home of crime.

When a city ceases to be moral it ceases to be great. There is one premise. It is in the majority of the inhabitants that the tone of a city resides. There is a minor premise. If both be accepted the deduction follows that so far as cities are concerned Mrs. Atherton is wrong. Q. E. D.

As for the country at large the problem is even simpler. The trend of the community may not be toward high thinking, but it is toward plain living. Barring mining camps, there is not a village in the land in which vice is tolerated. From an artistic standpoint life is not made beautiful, but ethically it is pure. As a nation we lack many things which time will supply; good cooking, for instance; innate civility and the substance of liberty instead of its forms; and while from the necessities of the case the majority of us may be money-grubbers, there is no civilization extant in which the men are better and the women as good.

Of all of which Mrs. Atherton is perfectly aware, but she wanted to be known, and she is—advantageously.

Talking of cooking, Edward Conner in a recent article in the "Table" says that the better people eat the more advanced they are in knowledge and urbanity. Mr. Conner is right. There is a close correlation between cookery and refinement. An epicure is always a delightful host and sometimes a very wise one. One of the most lovable of men was the late Sam Ward, and he was not alone an epicure but an erudite. The elder Dumas, who was the wittiest man in the world, was the best cook in France. Our friend and recent guest, Li Hung Chang, who is as astute as Bismarck, beside being a much bigger man at home, is another example. His bird-nest soup he may not prepare himself, but he knows when it is properly cooked; knows, too, what is good to eat and what isn't. A gentleman sent him as a gift an uncommonly fine bull pup. The Viceroy, in acknowledging the gift, stated that he was not in the habit of eating that variety of dog, but that his suite had it for breakfast and praised it very much. I don't doubt it in the least. Why there should be a prejudice against dog meat I have never understood.

There was none whatever during the siege of Paris, and an old gentleman, who dined every day during that period at the Jockey Club—the only club in Paris, parenthetically, that served a dinner from the first day of the siege till the last—confided to me that in a ragout it was very good indeed, and that horseflesh properly cooked was quite succulent. I have no doubt of that either, but I prefer other things, dishes, I regret to say, which are difficult to get and yet which are simple and wholesome too.

In Cuba, for instance, and in Mexico also, you may breakfast deliciously on a banana omelet, and finish with cream cheese and preserves. Then in Russia you can't begin your dinner better than with strawberry soup, and for second course I have found sturgeon cooked in sweetmeats superexcellent. To please the eye as well as the taste a bird of paradise, served with its neck and tail feathers on, is delightful. If you have never eaten a salad of alligator pears, let me, with entire deference, recommend that you do so. If you are in search of health, onions and apples can't be beaten; and, if you wish to live long and preserve your digestion, eat little and laugh while you eat. It is better to eat six small meals a day than three hearty ones. Two hearty meals a day are too much for any one who is not a laborer. And, however un-American it may sound, the only decent breakfast for civilized man is fruit and coffee.

From cookery to hotels the transition is easy, and the query I would like to propound is, where has the clerk of my youth gone?—that very handsome gentleman who possessed such a variety of seductive manners, so many beautiful diamonds, and who before you could sign your name or ask for a room greeted you like a brother. Where is he?

In his place has come a being, short and abrupt of speech, who turns you over to a hall-boy before you can say Jack Robinson, before you can say anything at all, who won't let you be affable, who regards you with unmolifiable suspicion if you attempt such a thing, and it may be even because of it, will tell you to pay in advance.

There is a reason for all things. The hotel clerk does not exist in Europe, and we are becoming so rapidly Europeanized that he is in the process of an evolution out of which he will disappear. And so much the better. He won't be missed.

A short time ago I recited here a poem by Cameron Rogers, which to my gratification was widely applauded. With your good permission I will recite another. The meter is not new. There are no new meters. But it is a meter that is extremely rare because of its inherent difficulty of manipulation. As a work of art it is not alone delightful, it is simple and strong, a string of verses of which the melody lingers with you even though the words escape. It is the work of Dr. John Todhunter, and long life and prosperity to him:

O, you plant the pain in my heart with your wistful eyes,

Girl of my choice, Maureen!

Will you drive me mad for the kisses your shy sweet mouth denies,

Maureen!

Like a walking ghost I am, and no words to woo,

White rose of the West, Maureen:

For it's pale you are, and the fear that's on you is over me too,

Maureen!

Sure it's our love that's upon us, ashore, this day,

Bride of my dreams, Maureen:

The smart of the bee that stung us, his honey must cure us, they say,

Maureen!

I'll coax the light to your eyes, and the rose to your face,

Mavourneen, my own Maureen:

When I feel the warmth of your breast and your nest is my arms' embrace,

Maureen!

O who is the King of the World this day but me,

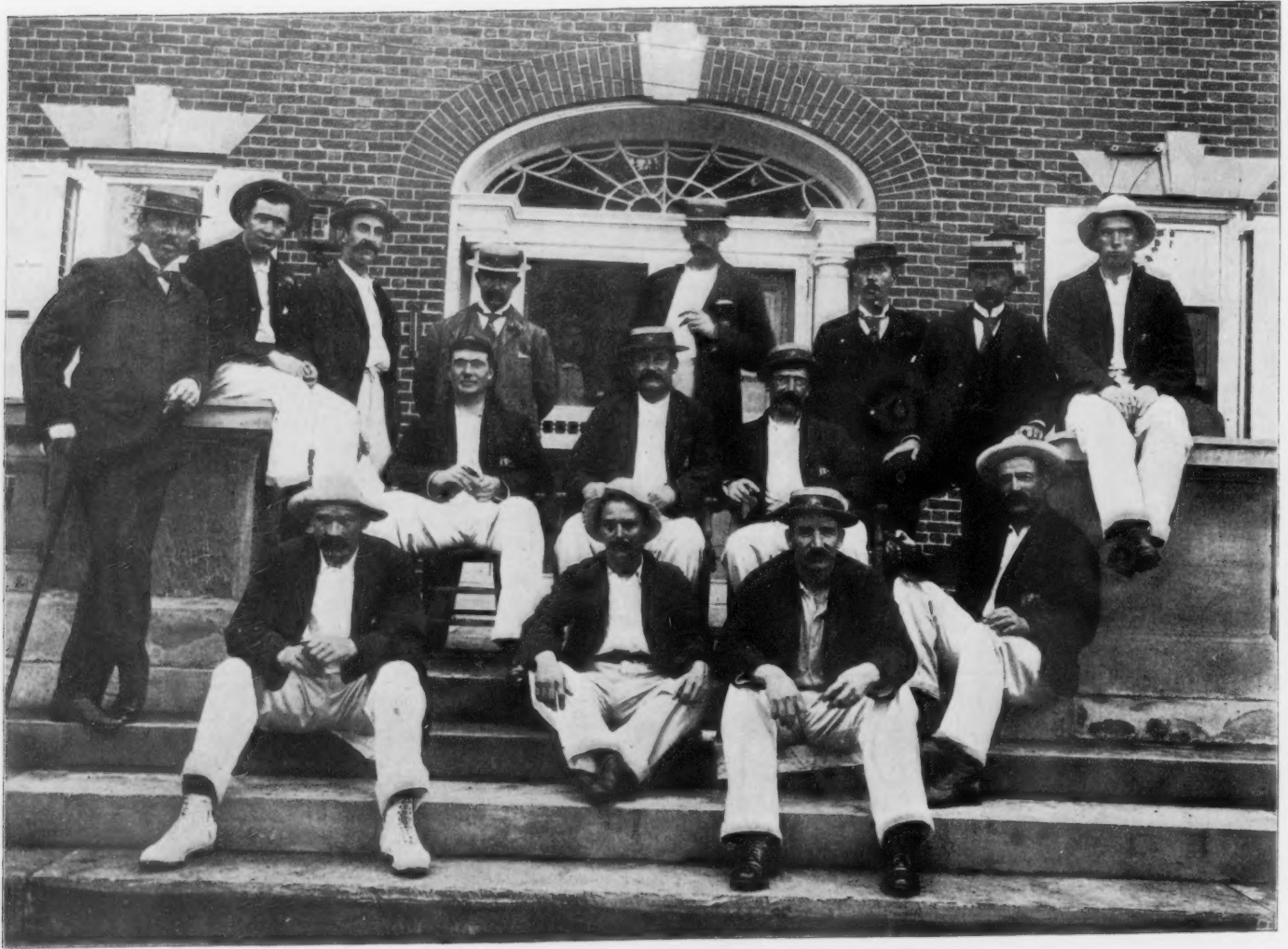
My one sweet love, Maureen:

And you the Queen with me here, and your throne in my heart, machree,

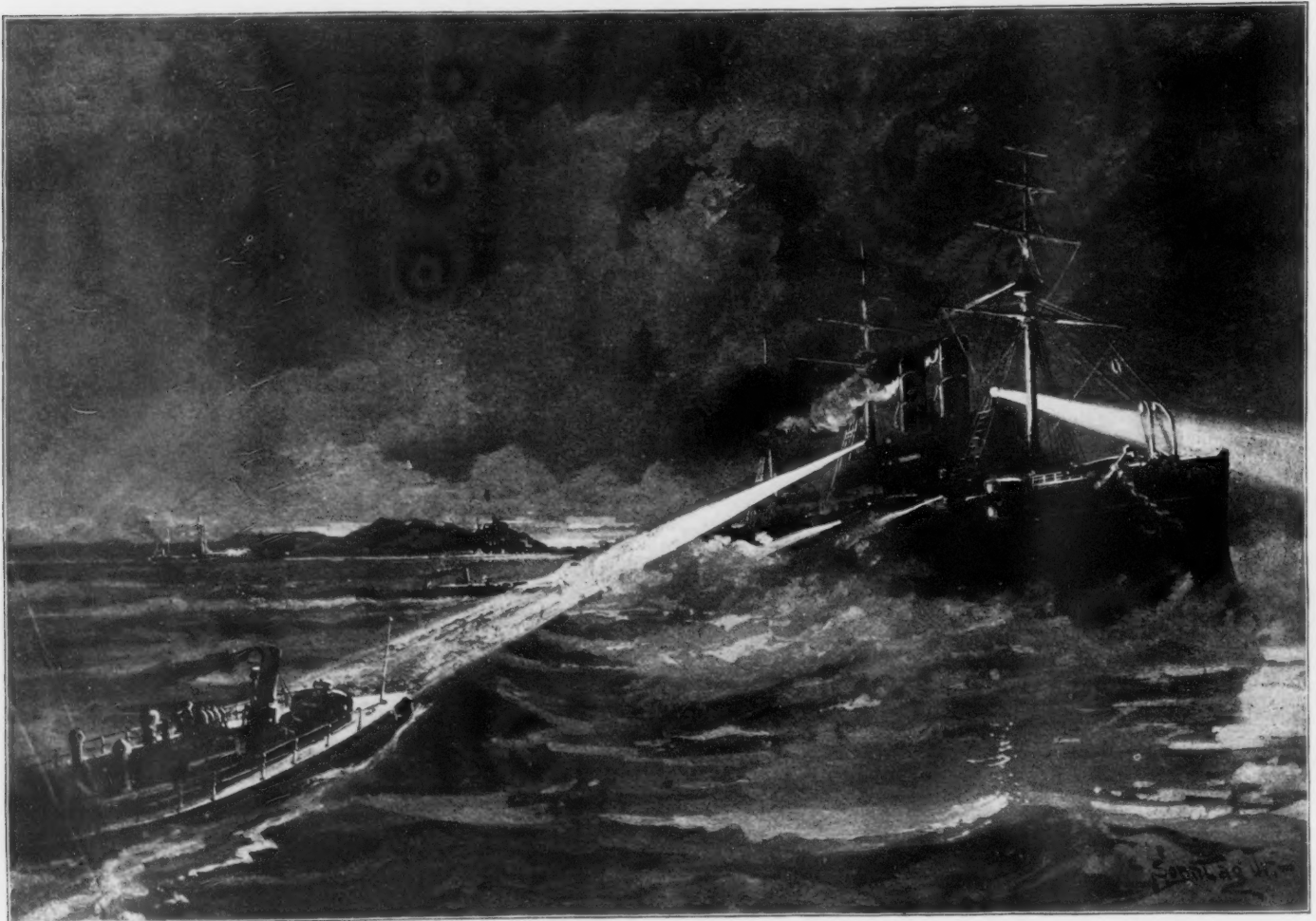
Maureen!

You must read it twice, perhaps, before the flow of beauty is upon you. Then you will notice two things; first, that you never heard anything like it before, and second, that it is idle to put it to music, for it is music itself.

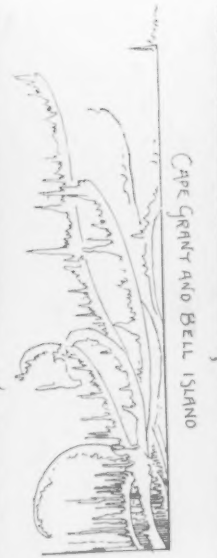
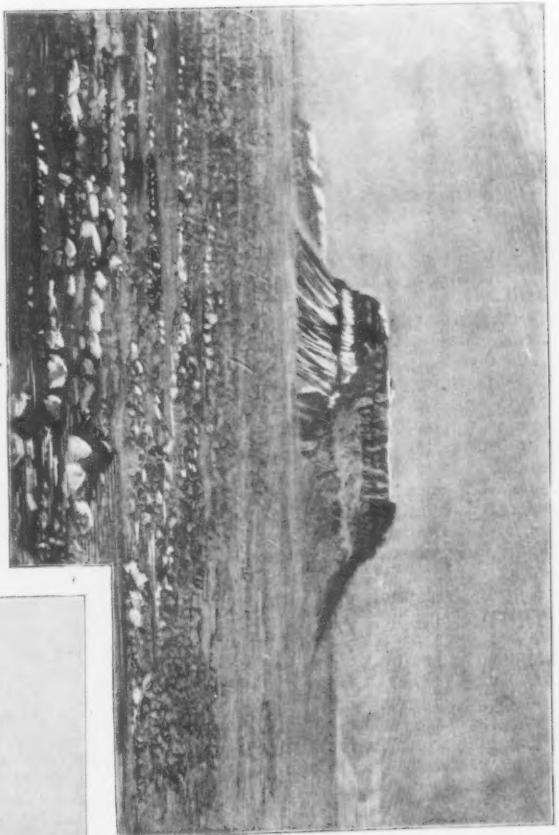
Dr. Todhunter is an Irishman. He has published several volumes of verse and a single poem. There it is. It will outlive us all, and it deserves to, for it is strong and simple, sweet and new.



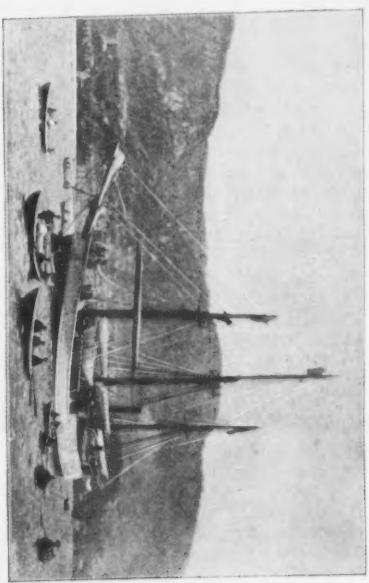
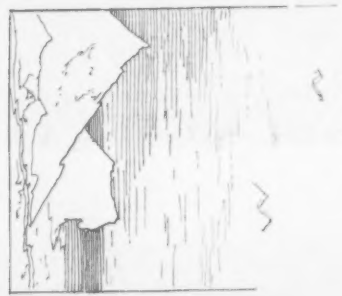
THE AUSTRALIAN CRICKETERS, NOW PLAYING IN THIS COUNTRY.



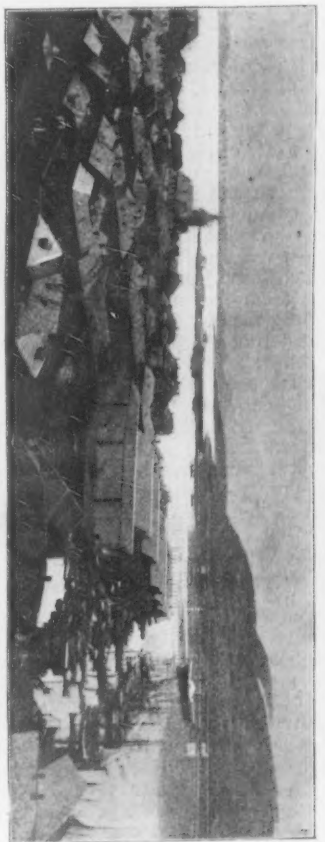
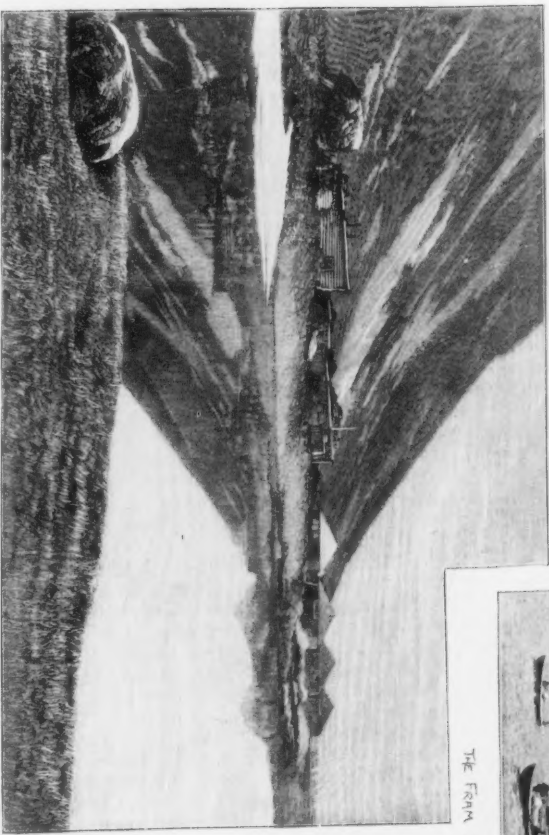
A NIGHT ATTACK BY TORPEDO BOATS.



CAPE GRANT AND BELL ISLAND



THE FRAM LYING OFF BERGEN



HAMMERFEST, THE MOST NORTHERLY TOWN IN EUROPE



THE MEETING OF DR. NANSEN AND MR. JACKSON IN FRANZ JOSEPH LAND

FROM THE MOST NORTHERLY BRITISH SETTLEMENT IN THE WORLD
DR. NANSEN'S RETURN FROM THE FROZEN NORTH.

MEN MANNER (AND MOOD)

BY EDGAR FAWCETT.

X.

THE newspapers teem, nowadays, with hideous personal quarrels between married folk. Too often bloody results of these are recorded. The husband, inflamed with liquor, kills his wife. Sometimes he kills his children as well. It is usually an affair of the pistol—something that almost makes one feel, as one reads it, like blaming poor Schwartz himself for having invented gunpowder five hundred years ago—if, indeed, somebody else did not invent it earlier.

Are quarrels of a more reputable sort meanwhile on the increase among couples girt with a politer life? This would certainly seem true. Divorces have become far more frequent, and perhaps for the reason that they are no longer deemed disgraceful to the woman. What matrimonial torments women have undergone in this country, and during the present century alone, until the merciful refuge of unstracising divorce was vouchsafed them, annalists will never record. For it seems only yesterday that we heard our mothers (or was it our grandmothers?) speaking with pursed lips and shocked eyes of a "divorced woman." The prejudice has certainly died hard. In England it has died earlier, though the Queen, we are told, is loth to sanction its demise. This has always appeared to me especially narrow and selfish in a woman whose own happy married life must have taught her how forlorn might be its reverse. I do not know, for my part, a better definition of divorce than the preventive of marriage becoming a failure. Not long ago Colonel Ingersoll is reported to have said that he would, if it lay within his power, grant any wife a divorce on the asking. This, I fear, would entail a perilous laxity. It is well to have the door of egress unfastened without too ponderous and tedious a displacement of bolts and bars, but we hardly want it to swing back and forth like the green-baize panels of a hostelry. Still, I heartily agree with Colonel Ingersoll in his distinct suggestion that it is time the last shackle of woman's enslavement was struck away. Certain points about the "new woman" may be repellent, even odious; but I would rather see ten women riding bicycles in bloomers than one afraid to say her soul was her own below the ambushed growl and frown of her legal lord.

There is not a mite of doubt that marriage has long been to women a terrible tyranny. Indeed, the whole question is enveloped for her in difficulties, distresses, omens, calamities. She has no sooner left school than she feels that her parents are expecting her to marry, and very often they hope she will "go off quickly," as there are younger sisters "coming on." At eighteen she may have fallen romantically in love, and from then until two-and-twenty she may have been haunted by a passion which she dares not breathe to any living mortal, yet for which the object of many secret sighs and burning tears has not given her one hint of encouragement. Then the dread of life—long spinsterhood begins to assume a vague yet definite shape. A chance of marriage presents itself; her people point out to her its "eligibility." It is not a chance of which she would, if untrammelled, if really her own mistress in the matter, avail herself. But when is the average modest woman at all a free agent? For years the positive necessity of a prudent and prosperous alliance has been dinning into her ears. No wonder Balzac called marriage a faulty arrangement leavened by love—*une déficiente institution tempérée par l'amour*. But too often it is an affair into which no love at all enters on the woman's side. Is the woman always blamable that it does not? Far too frequently the influences of her home life push her, stung by desperation, into making a mockery of that which should be a sacrament. The passivity of her attitude is always compulsory. Men are free to look about and select. They may get their rebuffs, but in getting them they are not covered with ridicule. Let a woman attempt to look about and select; in that case every friend, of her own sex, will jeer at her, covertly if not with scornful candor.

Men do not realize how often women give

themselves in matrimony with only half a heart, with the smallest fragment of a heart, with no heart at all. The stringent and imperious laws of their surroundings compel this. Men never marry lovelessly except for ambition, and then they are nearly always certain to make the most neglectful and intolerable husbands. But thousands of women marry lovelessly, marry with a sense of comradeship, sisterliness, respect, and yet make—or are prepared to make—faithful and tender wives. More than this, they are receptive to husbandly advances of fondness and kindness. Many a wife has afterward loved the man to whom as a bride she was cold. Proximity, protectiveness, the bearing and rearing of children, all have, with a woman, marvelous alterant weight. Just as it is not natural for her to feel indifference toward her child, so it becomes, reflectively and retroactively, natural for her to love their father. Indeed, genuine falling in love after marriage is far more usual than the fantastic psychology of novels and plays would lead us to believe. What the woman then needs and demands (even though not wholly conscious of the want and the requisite) is devotion, regular if not floridly ardent. Her wonderful heart, so filled with mysterious forces of recuperation and rehabilitation, turns barren and bitter in the atmosphere of neglect. Her powers of spiritual receptivity to the affection of a man whom she had wedded without passion are astonishing beyond all speech. Her capacity of being consoled for thwarted sentiment in the past, and of turning that consolation into the richest and sweetest personal attachment, is one of nature's most beautiful and tender secrets.

But with men all is so autocratically different! The miseries that arise in married life are due, innumerable times, to husbands' insensate follies. It is they who incessantly sow the dragons' teeth, however they may afterward deplore the ferocious quality of the crop. In a summarizing way it might be stated that they compel women to fight against three ills—for the more I observe this whole question of unhappy marriage the more convinced I become that scarcely one woman out of twenty is the actual culprit. The first of these ills I should name intemperance, the second, infidelity, and the third, incivility. Perhaps a better term for the last would be, in rough-and-tumble vernacular, "general cussedness."

Intemperance, of course, is continually found comprehending the other two. But in itself it is a fearful foe. That part of it which women do not bear (to speak rather of the classes than the masses) we see; the scandalous chronicle both of spoken and printed gossip makes it forlornly familiar. But that part which they do bear we can only surmise. If it be true that a husband grossly insults his wife every time that he appears drunk in her presence, what a harvest of abuse poor wifehood annually reaps! It is so often said: "A drunken husband is bad enough, Heaven knows, but a wife who drinks is a hundredfold worse." Why a hundredfold worse? I should like to ask. Why worse at all? This kind of talk is easily traceable to the inequality which has long cursed the relationship of the sexes. It means that a drunken woman is more repulsive to a man than a drunken fellow-man would be—that, and nothing else. I know men who never speak of women, in the abstract, without giving me a nettled sensation. It is not that they are in the least contemptuous, but rather that they are so patronizingly the opposite. You feel the intimate conviction of woman's inferiority underlying all their admiration and respect, giving both a touch of spuriousness. When they say to you, "By Jove, sir, there's nothing I reverence more in the world than a good, pure woman," you somehow perceive that they would place a bad, impure woman much below a bad, impure man, which is not only ridiculous but unjust. As to this matter of intemperance, who has not remarked the torrent of sympathy bestowed on a husband when it is discovered that his wife loves drink? "Only fancy what a hell that man's home must be to him!" is among the mildest comments one hears. But the infernal conditions which beset the home of a woman whose husband loves drink are as intense in a different manner. Suspense, torture, shame, sorrow, desperation—is there any end to the list of racking emotions which a drunkard's wife undergoes? And how seldom does a husband keep silent regarding a wife's

weakness, whether morphine, chloral or wine be its cause? My experience has been that he babbles about it in his club, telling it to twenty friends in as many days under bonds of secrecy—the secrecy *de polichinelle*, which is a milder phase of shouting it from the housetops.

Infidelity is another torment to hosts of wives. A husband need not tell his wife, in countless cases, that he has treated with levity his marriage oath. To her more sensitive perceptions there are signs as delicate and subtle as his way of bidding her good-morning or good-evening, his answer to her lightest question, his most ordinary caress, his mere half-unconscious touch of the hand. If she only honors and looks up to him as her guardian and counselor, the discovery is delayed and perhaps even permanently thwarted. But if she loves him—well, if she loves him, all the blackness of darkness which human deceit can command will not ultimately blind her. She may not know; she may never know. But if, however clandestinely, her love is shared with that of another woman, she will infallibly note and estimate the change. It will be to her as unexplainable as an alteration in the temperature of Japan, and yet it will be, to quote Tennyson, "nearer than hands or feet." The husbands who believe themselves "safe" in their duplicity of this sort toward a wife who really loves them are almost always of the head-hiding ostrich type. They may never be accused; but to be deceived and not to accuse is a test of woman's almost miraculous fortitude. I have never seen such fortitude in a man. Who has?

Then the question of incivility arises—or of "general cussedness," as I have already uncouthly defined it. Women, when all is said, have ten times more "nerves" than men. Once I had a little talk with Mrs. Cleveland, the wife of our President, and in speaking of her husband she told me that he was never troubled with insomnia, and added, with her sweetly graceful way of saying everything: "He has nerve, but no nerves." I could not help feeling that she need not have told me this, so far as mere information went; for great statesmen, great men of public affairs, could not, in a republic, hold their places at all unless their nervous systems were proof against worldly worry. For years General Grant smoked, every day, enough tobacco to have killed legions of his fellow-countrymen inside of a few months. But Cleverlands and Grants are exceptional beings. The "general cussedness" I have mentioned as a failing of so many husbands in their dealings toward wives is not necessarily concerned with stimulants or sedatives. It is that detestable little domestic ebullition of irritability and churlishness which will seize any pretext of display, from a missing shirt-stud to an exorbitant gas-bill, from a mislaid cigarette-case to an under-done joint of beef. It has no real excuse for manifestation; it looks round for an excuse, and seizes the first that comes handy. If it can find no other it finds one in the plaintive dread of the wife's look while she forebodes its coming and strives to conceal her premonition. Often she will try silence, only too conscious that if nothing else avails her mate as a *causa belli* this will be grasped and used. Husbands given to these moods cannot be placated. The tempest must gather, must thunder and lighten at special periods, and the wife knows it. She herself has perhaps had hysteric impulses that same day—impulses to shriek aloud and shed torrents of tears over the fret and worry of home life; but she controls them far oftener than she is called upon to witness the utter lack of control in her husband. And the keenest irony of her position lies in her consciousness of how this incidental tyrant and male Fury that he makes of himself never discloses, while he is abroad in society, a single unamiable trait. There he passes for the jolliest and most genial of good fellows. And when, in her despair and anguish, the wife flies from him, seeking release from the insupportable goad of his torments, the world is apt to say, lifting its brows in astonishment: "What is this? Incompatibility of temper? Jones and his wife don't agree? Ah, well, then, it must be her fault; for a kinder, gentler man than Jones does not exist!"

FAME never wins the respect of the severely practical unless it pays cash dividends.

MANY people are found wanting who had nothing whatever to do with the balances.



THE CONQUEST OF NATURE.

A PLEASANT and not unprofitable book could be made of chapters written by men of light and leading in all lines of human knowledge and interest, describing each his own forecast of what the perfected earthly existence of man will be. Not a few "Utopias" have indeed already been contributed to our libraries, but the field is still as open as ever it was, and perhaps the essential ideas of each prophet might be better packed into say five thousand words than drawn out in fifty thousand.

Though I may claim credit neither as prophet nor expert, an amiable optimist I certainly am, and as such I venture to submit my outline of an adumbration of what the future may hold for us. May it rouse to action our competent contemporary Columboes of the mind and imagination!

The tale of the Future divides itself, to my apprehension, into two chapters, one recounting the details of our final mastery of physical nature, and the other treating of the effect of this mastery upon the human nature itself.

Science is classification of knowledge; but we are used to restrict the application of the name to things visible and tangible. It will be so applied here.

Matter is changes wrought in the mind through the medium of the senses; and the immediate cause of these changes is motion. The fundamental motion of which we are cognizant is the vibration of the ether. The base of material substance is ether in characteristic and constant degrees of vibration. The assemblage of all substances is Nature—the visible universe. Nature is therefore a mode of action of the human mind, obeying certain laws involuntarily. Did the mind cease to act—that is, to exist—Nature would vanish. Abstractly, Nature is the expression of the relation subsisting between creature and Creator, just as the spectrum expresses the relation between the prism and the ray.

What ether may intrinsically be we cannot here consider. But philosophers begin to see that in ether hides the secret of universal dominion on the material plane which they aim to acquire; they are setting themselves to understand ether, because to understand is the first step toward commanding. Once we can command ether—that is, control its vibrations—we can create at first hand everything except the final mystery, life itself.

Every year, almost every week, brings fresh approximations toward this supreme issue. Steam, the telegraph and telephone, the recent light-telephone, the Roentgen rays, Tesla's discoveries, even the questionable phenomena of Keeleyism, of clairvoyance and of spiritism, all point in the same general direction. The conquest of the ether is at the bottom of them all.

The time when a man in any given part of the globe may not only hear but see what is taking place in every other part, may be said to have already arrived. This power would seem to supersede the necessity for travel. But at the same time our facilities for quick transportation are increasing. We already move ourselves a hundred miles an hour. The perfecting of the flying machine may well triple this rate. But there is reason to believe that even that speed may be indefinitely augmented. We may yet learn to transport ourselves from place to place with the swiftness of light itself. Flight, as now projected, involves supporting a heavy body in the air. But the true solution of the problem is to deprive the body in question of its weight. Gravitation is a force; it must therefore have its opposite. Control of this force will enable us not only to float in air, but to ascend with any degree of rapidity we choose; and if to move vertically, then horizontally also. Space will open before us and close behind us, and we shall have arrived. I look to see this dream realized betimes.

And when we can thus traverse the earth, what shall prevent our visiting the planets of

our system likewise? There shall be afternoon excursions to Jupiter or Uranus and back. Starry visitors shall be familiar on our streets. A beauty from Venus shall wed a son of Terra, and a philosopher from Mars capture your daughter's heart, wooing her by duplex moonlight on the Phasis Canal, or amid the horizons of the Siren Sea. For travels beyond our solar scope, I incline to think we shall content ourselves with the developments of clairvoyance, and of so-called astral projection. If there be any truth in "materialization," why should we not send our thought and will to Arcturus, and incarnate them there? There would be no risk of catching cold on the journey.

There will be no further anxieties about overpopulation of the globe, since a man may leap aloft a mile or two, and lie down to sleep upon the empty air; or a young couple may build their house above the clouds. Glorious cities shall shine in sunlight long after that "nebulous star" has left the earth beneath in shadow. The highways of the atmosphere, however much frequented, will never be overcrowded. Political boundaries must of necessity disappear; the word "nation" will cease to bear a meaning. There will be one common language, spoken by a homogeneous race. Law, as at present understood and administered, cannot survive, since its penalties could no longer be enforced; but, as we shall presently see, man's spontaneous obedience to law will undoubtedly be immeasurably more undeviating than is his perfunctory allegiance now.

We have still to consider the creation of substance. By what will practically amount simply to an exercise of volition, a man will be able to produce from void space the means of his livelihood. Every form of matter will be at his immediate command. Wood and stone for his habitation, fabrics for his clothing, food for his nourishment, will appear at his desire. He can hang jewels round his wife's neck at will, or roof his mansion with fretted gold. But this is only half the situation. The power to create involves the power of destroying. We can cause the substances of Nature to be resolved back into their native ether. The rock that obstructs our view, the marsh that threatens our health, the building that has ceased to serve us, can be annihilated at an instant's warning. Nay, the human body itself can be dissipated into its elements; though, since the undying mind can re-form it again at will, such an exercise of power would be nugatory. And if the individual may perform such feats, what might not the united purpose of harmonious thousands accomplish?—what effects might not the conscious consensus of the whole race achieve? We have our "circles" for table-tipping and spirit-raising; imagine a circle of millions organizing to build a city, to spread forth a continent, to launch a new planet upon space! Or, on the other hand, might not the allied forces of evil unseat the sun from his throne, and cause the entire solar system to rush together in mutual ruin?

This conception, however, leads us to the moral side of our theme. Evil can have no power, and will therefore have no being, in a human state such as we are contemplating. Even in our present rudimentary and base civilization, good in will and conduct dominates ill; how much more will this be the case hereafter. But were it otherwise, evil could never do a mischief which good could not instantly counteract. Good is lawful and lasting; evil is transient and illicit. And when mankind administers the higher and deeper laws, the nothingness—the "naughtiness" of evil will be manifest, and there will be no abiding-place for it in the scheme of things.

Reason will show man the expediency, to use no higher term, of doing good to one another; and the power to dispose of material obstacles to well-being and well-desiring will eliminate all temptation to ill-doing. There will be no more laboring for the daily bread, for shelter and clothing. There will be no more finance, no possibility of physical poverty. Every one will live in such affluence as he has brains to create. Human nature will not change, but its new environment will so modify its action as to establish and illustrate the vital truth that in itself human nature is good; it works evil only so long as the individual seeks advantage over his neighbor. Men will not be, any more than now, equal in capacity and ability; but their association will be on a higher plane, and for nobler ends. There will still be

classes who work, and classes who organize and decree; but the products of that work, and the aims of the directors, will be such as are scarce imaginable now. On the physical plane, beauty, use and fitness will be developed interminably, and the infinite subtleties and significances of the material creation will be unfolded and interpreted in endless series. The living science of analogies between the symbol and the spirit will become the study par excellence of the wise, and will lead them to serene heights of knowledge that it has not yet entered into the mind of living men to conceive. Meanwhile the moral and spiritual side of the race will expand and flourish like the bay tree. The possibilities of true human society will be analyzed and wrought out. The personal relations of man with man, and of the sexes, will be studied and perfected; there will be no more faithless friendships or ill-assorted marriages. Memory will be superseded by knowledge; infants will be born who, without losing their infantile innocence, will possess by inheritance and communication in the spirit, whatever wisdom has been collected by past ages; so that man will increase in power not, as heretofore, by going over the old ground, and adding here and there a little; but by basing a new tower upon the summit of the old. We are in the habit of associating intellect with age; but that is only because, starting with ignorance as we do, it requires at least a lifetime to become wise. There was once an Infant who was wiser than the Scribes and Pharisees, and He was the type of perfect infancy, as afterward of perfect manhood.

It is a mistake to assume that idleness would result from the lack of the spur of physical necessity. On the contrary, when this stimulus of undeveloped manhood is no longer requisite, we shall discover for the first time what human capacity for work really is. Each will know and be active in his true part in the common life: do that which he can do better than others, and love the doing of it; realize that in his sphere and compass he is the chosen instrument of God, created to perform a certain use which, in that time and place, no other could have performed so fitly. The man who labors, not for himself, or because he must, but spontaneously, for the perfection of his race, will find himself supplied with a fund of energy and faculty literally Divine, for the Divine is working with him. He can never "work himself to death," as men do now; but he will work himself to life, as angels do, and in harmony with them.

Our spiritual sight, which now, save at rare intervals, is closed, will be open then, and we shall be aware of our heavenly associates. We shall behold the building of the mansions not made with hands, but gradually erected and beautified by the good deeds done in the flesh for our fellows. Those who have gone before us will not be lost, and when we go to join them, there will be no mourning. Yet let it not be inferred that there will be any confusion or actual intermingling of the spiritual state with the earthly one. The one is in a discrete, not a continuous, degree above, or within, the other. But their mutual correspondence will be perceived, and the cause and end discerned in the effect.

Is all this optimism, insanity, or common sense? I believe it to be the truth, though by no means the whole truth, or nothing but the truth. And it may not be so remote from us in time as it certainly seems to be in condition.

JULIAN HAWTHORNE.

FIG CULTURE IN CALIFORNIA.

"The Department of Agriculture at Washington," says the San Francisco "News Letter," "is interesting itself in the subject of fig culture in California and other States, and will soon issue a bulletin on the subject. For some unexplained reason, the horticulturists of this State have never succeeded in putting upon the market a dried fig equal in quality to those imported from Smyrna, though a world of pains has been taken to that end. Even a species of wasp has been introduced here from Smyrna, with the object of securing the fertilization of the immature fig. Perhaps the Washington experts may throw some light on this problem."

SOME people are naturally foolish; others fall in love. —Puck.



THE MINUET.—DR.



JET.—DRAWN BY J. C. ROSIER.



The opening of the present theatrical season furnishes a most convincing refutation of the arguments of the ever-present prophet of calamity. Complete and immediate success has marked the inauguration of all the chief enterprises thus far, and this is universally conceded to be one of the best signs of general prosperity. The theater is and always has been a good gauge of public confidence. When business is dull and the prospect is gloomy the theater is the first to feel the effects of the depression, and when the contrary is the case the box office gives the first sign of returning hopefulness. The condition of affairs this season is calculated to inspire every confidence, and managers are more than satisfied thus far. Their expectations, it may be remarked, were quite different. The last two winters have been remarkable for an appalling list of failures, and the impending Presidential election, always a menace to the theatrical man, foreshadowed another season of dismal failure. But the signs have all failed; the desire to be amused is apparently as strong as ever in the people of the metropolis, and the means to gratify that desire are apparently at hand. John Drew in "Rosemary" at the Empire, Francis Wilson in "Half a King" at the Knickerbocker, "Sue" at Hoyt's, "The Caliph" at the Broadway, and other strong attractions at other houses are all in receipt of a generous measure of public patronage, and the outlook for other ventures is equally rosy.

It is a long time since Mr. Charles Frohman has enjoyed such marked and unvaried good fortune as seems to be following all his ventures this year. The success of "Rosemary" has already been noted in these columns, and now "Sue" at Hoyt's gives every indication of duplicating that success. "Sue" is a thoroughly American piece—as thoroughly so as it is possible for a creation of Bret Harte's to be. It is redolent of the rough, uncultured West, that early West which Bret Harte discovered—in a literary sense—many years ago, and with which his name will be ever associated. Here we have the true Harteian atmosphere—the atmosphere of the primitive mining town, before the spirit of progress had made itself felt and made the West what it is to-day. The story is simple—a simple, loving and lovable girl who, to escape the cruelties of a brutal father, marries a man of her parent's choosing, but for whom she does not entertain a suspicion of love—a handsome, engaging rascal who wins his way through her sympathy to her love with fatal results—and her final escape from the pitfall into which that transient passion seemed about to lead her. A simple, one might almost say a trite and commonplace story; but artfully and cleverly handled and fashioned into a delightfully fascinating drama. The atmosphere is there, too, and carefully, even elaborately, presented; the play furnishes an enjoyable entertainment.

Add to the charm of the play the charm of so winning a personality as that of gentle Annie Russell and you have an inimitable combination. It was the same sweet face, the same winning manner that so charmed us as Esmeralda and as Elaine, and they would win success for a play with far less merit than "Sue." In her hands the character of the weak, ignorant, yet withal charming border girl became a most lovable creation. Miss Russell's restoration to health, which, I trust, is complete, is a distinct gain to our stage. Mr. Haworth as the rough, uncouth ranchman who won the hand of Sue without winning her heart, gave a very strong and faithful presentation of a character familiar to readers of border literature. The other characters are carefully presented, and comport themselves with that mingled air of gravity and levity so characteristic of Bret Harte's people, an air which is preserved in even so august an assembly as the court of Judge Lynch in the third act. Mr. Harte's collaborator in the dramatic version of his work is Mr. J. Edgar Pemberton.

It is a difficult matter to live down a reputation once firmly established, whether it be bad or merely harmless. Francis Wilson tried it last season, and, judging from the character of his latest venture, found the effort fruitless. Mr. Wilson had, after years of conscientious effort, won the reputation of being the foremost comic opera comedian of the day on the lines on which "comic opera" as it is known to-day is laid. As an acrobatic comedian he was without a peer, and his exuberant buoyancy had delighted thousands of spectators. Last year he made a determined effort to break away from the established lines and win a place in the field of legitimate comedy. But he did not succeed; the public—his public—would have none of it. His admirers, when they went to see him, went with the desire to give themselves over without reserve to the exuberance of nonsense which previous experience had led them to expect, and his new venture was a distinct disappointment. That he has realized the futility of his effort is evident from the fact that in his new piece, "Half a King," he has returned to his old methods. To those who saw and liked the Francis Wilson of old this will be welcome news, but to those who hoped for better things from him after his effort in "The Chieftain" last year, it will be disappointing. However, that is a point wholly for Mr. Wilson to decide, and as the abandonment of his effort to rise will probably result in a gain to his business, even though it be at the expense of his art, there can be little doubt as to his decision.

I have said that he is easily the foremost of his class. There seems to me to be no question as to this. Since he danced and tumbled into our affections in the early days of "Ermine" at the Casino Mr. Wilson has maintained his position as the foremost and most gentlemanly buffoon (if the term be allowed) that our stage has known. In "Half a King" he lives up to his repu-

tation. He is exuberantly, irrepressibly funny, and the plot of the opera, though hackneyed and familiar, furnishes ample opportunity for the display of his peculiar talents. It is practically the same story that has formed the basis of many a similar piece. A band of vagabonds waylays and robs a party of noble travelers, masquerades in the clothes of the victims at a wedding party and almost accomplishes the marriage of the prospective bridegroom to the adopted daughter of the chief mountebank of the party. The bridegroom, by the way, had previously fallen in love with the fair stroller. The latter eventually proves to be of noble birth and the union is finally effected. The opera takes its title from the half of a playing card—the king of diamonds—by which the heroine is finally identified. The opera is an adaptation from the French of Vanloo and Leterrier by Harry B. Smith, the librettist of "Robin Hood," "Rob Roy," and several other similar works. By comparison with these two operas it is but a poor effort, but it serves its purpose. The music, by Ludwig Engländer, is tuneful and pleasing and in quality is far above the level of the book. The bulk of the work, and consequently of the applause, falls to the lot of Mr. Wilson in the character of the leader of the vagabonds, the only other character that has been elaborated to any extent being that of his adopted daughter, which, in the hands of Miss Lulu Glaser, fares remarkably well. The piece is magnificently staged.

From being a mere "feature" in a vaudeville company to become the head of a special organization is a feat not often accomplished by a vaudeville performer. That it can be done, and done gracefully, has been demonstrated by Albert Chevalier, the English singer of "coster" songs, who, supported by a special company, is now singing at the Garrick Theater. So much has been said about Mr. Chevalier that any criticism of his work at this late date would hardly be timely, yet a word or two about some of his songs and his method of singing them would not be out of place. His delineation of the coster character, I am told, is wellnigh perfect. I will not answer for it myself, never having had an opportunity to study the class he portrays. I will say, however, that as a character actor he shows more than ordinary talent. In "My Old Dutch," which he sang last spring, and "Tick, Tock," which he now gives for the first time, he shows an ability for portraying character that is considerably above the average. Of his other songs I consider "The Future Mrs. 'Awkins" by far the best. The supporting company is not at all brilliant, but it is clean, refined and unmistakably English.

Nobody looks for the maintenance of lofty dramatic ideals at the Fourteenth Street Theater, so the spectator who goes there in a critical mood must not attempt to judge what he sees there by Broadway standards. The Fourteenth Street's audiences are not hypercritical, and if the pieces presented at that house are not up to the highest standard as to novelty of material or methods of construction nobody finds any fault. Given plenty of emotion, a rapid succession of dramatic situations, an occasional bit of startling realism—the whole leavened by a judicious admixture of fun, boisterous but not vulgar—and the Fourteenth Street's audiences will be satisfied. That's what they got in Frank Harvey's latest melodrama, "The House of Mystery"—minus the realism. It is a conventional drama with conventional characters and situations, but it appealed to the audience and won their applause. And what more could be desired?

TAAFFE.

STRANGE THINGS IN JERSEY.

The fame of Jersey lightning is continent-wide, to say the least. Jersey justice, likewise, has passed into a proverb. But Jersey as a region of picturesque, varied and altogether original human nature has yet to receive the attention it merits. Though it owns the author of "Ben Bolt," he has never yet sung of his State as the subject demands. It is all of a thousand pities he has not given his whole mind to it, long ere now. Then we should not be waiting in darkness for the great American epic. So fertile is Jersey of genius you have but to tickle it with that intangible thing, a snore, and it laughs into rhyme.

At least that is what happened recently at New Brunswick, when John Barry was released from jail. He had been there only a little while—but long enough to make the other prisoners think of petitioning for release upon the ground that no court had power to sentence them to cruel and unusual punishment. But before the matter came to a head John's time was up. The most disgusted prisoners could do was to set their laureate to work in honor of the release—the double release of John and themselves. The laureate took off his coat, and worked with a will. Shortly he read them yards of ode, whose quality may be gathered from this specimen nugget:

"There came a clap like cannon sound, or bursted magazine,

Volcanic action humped the ground, and prisoners

rolled between,

'Ho! guards without! and warders all! the sufferer

makes cry:

'Assist us, ere the buildings fall! Quick! to our rescue

fly.'"

Which is all mighty well—considering; but distinctly not in it with the effusion of another Jersey poet whose target was the finicky new resident who had the bad taste and worse temper to object to the established customs of the village into which he had moved. True, his complaint was of the practice of dumping ashes and garbage upon the sidewalk; but if this is not a land of liberty, then please to tell us just what it is? So, at least, thought the old residents. By consequence they chuckled in their glee over an anonymous broadside which sang of the would-be reformer:

"I am a man from Pilgrimage way,

And I am the people, and you must obey."

At last account the man from Pilgrimage was out with a gun. Whether he brought down his game or no is among the surprises of a breathless future.

THE LATE JOHN LAWRENCE.

The terribly sudden death of Mr. John Lawrence gave rise to many newspaper errors regarding the precise family of Lawrences to which he belonged. His grandfather, Major Lawrence, was the intimate friend of Washington, and fought at his side, on one occasion having three horses shot down in succession beneath him. Major Lawrence was a cousin of the famous Captain James Lawrence, whose imposing monument stands so conspicuously near the entrance of Trinity Church, and who holds such high rank among the early naval heroes of the United States. In 1813, it will be remembered, while commanding the "Chesapeake," Captain Lawrence engaged the British frigate "Shannon," off Boston. Here he was mortally wounded; and yet, while lying in momentary peril of death, he urged his men to persevere in the fight, using those memorable words which have since become historic: "Don't give up the ship!"

This family of Lawrences were for many years the owners of that spacious property at Astoria, Long Island, which the Woolseys afterward purchased and occupied. The old Lawrence burying ground, surrounded by a stone wall of much antiquity, is still preserved on the estate. In this spot, year after year, the "Astoria Lawrences," as they had long been called, were laid to rest, though one of them (more than probably the gallant old Revolutionary great-grandfather of John Lawrence himself) was interred in the vault of "The Earl of Stirling"—or, rather, of Washington's general and friend, William Alexander, incorrectly called by that title.

John Lawrence inherited from his father, John Riker Lawrence, half of a very large fortune, the other half going to his sister, Mrs. Leonard Jacob. Although familiar with European life, he preferred New York as a place of permanent residence, proving a marked exception to the rule that most wealthy Americans of leisure choose to live abroad. Born and reared in New York, he literally loved it, and perhaps for reasons no less ancestral than social. In society his respected name, liberal fortune, unfailing geniality and handsome presence (he had the rich hazel eyes and warm coloring of nearly all his race) early made him an important power.

For many years he was one of that very select body, the governing committee of the Union Club. Like the late August Belmont, Oliver K. King, Herman R. Leroy, and a few others, he was re-elected again and again. His club popularity was very great, and the list of his male friends a long and brilliant one; but the word "clubman," so repeatedly used regarding him by the newspapers, was, after all, hardly definitive in the fairest sense. Mr. Lawrence was exceedingly beloved by his family and gave them the deepest affection in return. More than twenty years ago he married Miss Emily La Farge, daughter of the New York millionaire real estate owner of that name, and sister of the celebrated artist, John La Farge. He leaves three daughters, all well known in New York society, and all very charming girls. To these and to an adoring wife his loss will of course be irreparable.

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AN EXTRA GLASS.

BY HARRY SAINT MAUR.

"No, Race, I just want you to understand me if you can. I fear, though, you never will."

"Go on, m'deah; if course I n'dstan'. You know p'ttly well I l'v you, so f' course I sh'l un'stan'." and the handsome face beamed with vinous amiability. It was strangely attractive in spite of wine-laden eyelids and the unpleasant wag in which the hot tongue lapped air between thickened lips.

When Horace Slanetur was in a condition of semi-obfuscation, as at this moment, the inclination of all men and most women, even ladies, was to excuse him and be amused. As W. S. Gilbert said of a good actor's bad Hamlet, "he was funny without being vulgar." Some men seem born with a special license. It really seemed impossible to be angry or disgusted; people were always amused—all but one.

"No, Race," replied his wife, "you can't understand this. Others laugh at you when you get drunk—"

"Only half drunk, m'deah; no gen'I'm ever gets drun'; n'r more'n half drun'."

His wife continued: "It makes my very heart blush with shame. I, personally, feel the shame. You can't understand that it is much more dreadful to feel ashamed for some one than of some one."

"But tha'sh foolish, my love; if I'm l'e full 's my faul', not your faul'."

"Race, it's simply this. No wife can love a husband more than I love you. During our two years of marriage there has been only one cloud—your occasional drinking to excess."

Agnes Slanetur struggled, but the tears escaped and ran down her cheeks. Race sucked up smoke from his cigar till it glowed again.

"Perhaps," she continued, "I ought to make some excuses for you, knowing how they all make you drink at the club and everywhere, but I can't. I'm loving you less instead of more. My nature so wills it that a want of respect breeds a sort of moral canker that is eating into and will consume the love that I ought, I will, I must have and keep for you. Oh, Race," dropping as she spoke on to her knees in front of him and unconsciously clutching one of his knees in each of her hands, her face strained up to him, "isn't my love more to you than a few extra glasses of wine?"

"My dear—there, there, you're a little 'excited. It's p'raps stupid of me t'ever do it, but you mus' remember I'm not brutal or beastly when I'm squ—'f I was, I'd take the pledge like a shot. There, don't be silly 'n make a scene, there's a good girl."

He dropped his hand on hers and with his disengaged palm patted her knuckles. Suddenly she uttered a short little scream and jumped up.

"What's matter?" he asked in some alarm.

"Nothing," she said, wrapping her handkerchief quickly around one hand. "Your cigar touched my hand, that's all."

"My dear child, I'm so sorry. I haven't burned you, have I?"

"The least in the world. It's nothing, only it made me jump, that's all."

She ran lightly out of the room. As a matter of fact the glowing end of the cigar had pressed into the middle of the center of the back of her hand, burning her quite badly.

The next morning, after an unusually late breakfast, Race commenced: "My dear, I'm so sorry I was a little bit off last night, but the fact is—"

His wife interrupted him. "Do you remember what happened last night, Race?"

"Of course, my love. I am idiot enough to take a glass or two more than is wise, possibly, but I don't get drunk; I'm not a beast, you know. I hope that burn won't be anything—"

"Oh, that will be all right in a day or two. Race, won't you promise not to drink too much again?"

"Now, dear, don't be silly. I've said I'm sorry—"

"Well, I've made up my mind. If ever I see you affected by wine again I shall leave you."

"Where will you go, you goose? You can't run away. You haven't got any money of your own, remember."

"No, dear, I don't forget I was only a trained nurse who had improved herself into a governess when you married me. But you know, don't you, why I married you?"

"Yes, darling," taking her in his arms. "That's one of the few things I'm sure of. Not because I was a rich swell, but because you managed to find enough good about me to anchor your love to."

"Yes, dear husband, I do love you and I must go on loving you more and more. Remember what I said last night and believe thoroughly something I am going to say to-day. If ever you drink too much again I shall go away from you right out of the house till I get your written promise that I've asked for—then I'll know the future will be safe."

Race laughed and kissed his wife, and thought no more of his little lecture.

And now a series of things happened which went far to prove that if chance is often amiable, she can be cruelly malignant. Not long after this Race came home again very nearly drunk; anyway, worse than his wife had ever seen him. Agnes resolved to frighten him and avert a possible danger if she could. So the next morning, before he was up, she had put on a plain dress, packed a satchel, and, unknown to any one, taken a train to a little town within a hundred miles of New York, with the fixed resolve to stay there a week before she opened negotiations with her errant lord to obtain that promise which, once given, she knew would be kept. The first link in the chain of accidents was that Agnes had not been in her city of refuge an hour before she was knocked down by a trolley car and carried to a hospital, where she lay insensible for ten days and helpless for a month. The next link—she intended to be away only a week, so there was nothing in her satchel that would identify her.

The next—Race, greatly alarmed when the second day elapsed without word from her, secretly employed a Pinkerton detective, fearing newspaper innuendo,

and, picking up a false trail, started off for Europe after a lady whom the detective, after seeing a photograph of Agnes, was certain must be she.

Next—as soon as Agnes could write she sent a line to Race to come to her at once, but this was more than a fortnight after the accident, and Race was chasing all over London on a wrong scent.

Next—Agnes's letter was written, of course, from the hospital.

Race had telegraphed his lawyer from London, foreseeing a long search in front of him, to discharge the servants and close the house, putting in a care-taker. The care-taker had sent the letter to Race's club, as ordered. Four telegrams and several letters shared the same fate.

Remembering their pre-nuptial want of social balance, Agnes concluded at last that her husband was so angered that he had come to regret his marriage and meant to let her remain away. Permitted to leave the hospital, after an interval of two months she went to New York, and, in fear and trembling, to her own home. The condition of things there formed a cul-de-sac to both hope and action.

The care-taker did not know her, had never seen her, and simply informed her, as she did all callers, that Mr. Slanetur was in Europe.

Agnes hid her misery in a cheap little apartment in a strange corner and wondered what to do, for she had only a hundred and ten dollars in the world. Her pride would not let her seek her husband's solicitors or any of his friends.

She obtained a situation and timorously tried to find out things, and found out nothing. Then her employers went to Chicago, and she had to go too. They were to have been there ten weeks, but a lawsuit kept the family there ten months. Returning at last to New York, Agnes began her clumsy amateurish attempts to find out something about her husband. Finally, after a lapse of five weeks, she got wind of his return to the city, but to a hotel, not to their home.

Agnes made acquaintance with the servants, and gathered he was ill. She could bear it no longer, and devised a means of seeing him. She left her situation, and, having found out the number of his room, she disguised herself as a hospital nurse, and managed to get a recommendation as such from the doctor who had attended her during her own illness, and one day boldly walked into the hotel elevator and had herself taken to the floor where her husband's room was, and knocked at the door.

Here the malevolent chain broke. Bidden to do so, she entered the room and found the hotel doctor there.

"Have you come to nurse him?" the doctor asked, quite naturally, after the first glance at her.

"I have the recommendation," she faltered, having found presence of mind enough to accept the situation of affairs, and with it, the chance to see her husband, if only for a moment.

"You know Mr. Slanetur, possibly," said the doctor; "you attended him before?"

"Yes," holding out the letter.

"Then pray stay, he is very seriously ill," taking the letter and *proforma*, and glancing at it. "Brain fever; he's wandering now and must not be left. I was on the point of sending for a nurse."

"I will stay," Agnes managed to say in a steady voice. The doctor then left the room. Thus it came about that Agnes found herself near her husband.

Removing her bonnet, she donned the nurse's cap with which she had provided herself, trusting that this and her changed method of arranging her hair would prove disguise enough.

Mrs. Slanetur need not have been so particular, for when she entered the bedroom, though Race stared straight at her, there was no knowledge of any kind in his fever-laden brain. For many days the poor fellow was near death, but at last the crisis passed, and one night as he left the doctor announced: "He will sleep now, please goodness, through the night, and to-morrow the delirium will have passed. He will know you, nurse, and be able to thank you for your capital nursing."

He would know her and thank her, would he? What was the awakening going to be to her? She felt the strange misery of emotional ignorance against which clouds of speculation kept forming and dissolving, leaving the barren plain of conjecture still barren.

Race woke, of course, very weak. He thanked her courteously for her attention, but speculation got a remand—he did not recognize her. This was probably due to three circumstances: he was too feeble to be observant, she answered his questions in low monosyllables, and the room was very much darkened.

On the fourth day Race evinced considerable desire to talk and begged for more light. Quakingly, Agnes let a shade up a few inches, throwing light on to the bed, but not into his face.

"Thank you, nurse; now if you'll give my head a dowsing with eau de cologne I'll begin to feel half alive again."

She bathed his head, sitting on the bed to do so. Presently he gently took her hand, stopping its action, carrying it and the handkerchief to the coverlid where he unconsciously retained it.

"That will do first rate, thank you. You are a great nurse. I—I—" He patted and stroked her hand, finishing his little compliment in action. Presently his eyes glanced at her hand, and soon his grasp tightened a little on her fingers and his eyes became fixed on her hand which was in the strongest light. Agnes's heart began to beat fast at this accidental caress, the first for so many weary months, perhaps the last she would ever receive. But suddenly the beating ceased; she quaked with fear, for he had dropped forward on to his elbow and was examining her hand so closely his head hid it. Then she felt something warm and moist drop on to the back of her hand. A pain, long in her heart, seemed to fly up to her throat, seeking expression in a sob; and, as her own tears gushed forth, she slipped to her knees by the side of the bed, burying her face in her disengaged hand.

"Forgive me, nurse," she heard Race say in a broken voice, "for being so foolish; but you have a scar on the back of your hand like one I put on the hand of a wife I most dearly love and have most despairingly lost—and through my own fault. I've been seeking her in vain

for months, and—it's the disappointment and so on that broke me down at last—"

Then the next moment Race felt himself in his nurse's arms, and a voice whispered in his ear: "My Race, my love, my husband!"

He only had time to find his wife's lips with his own before he fainted.

The curious thing was, that in after years there never was any talk of "promises" in connection with drinking, yet Race was never known to take again that fatal "extra glass."



NEW YORK BAY.

BY GEORGE EDGAR MONTGOMERY.

LIKE two vast circles with a narrow band
Of glittering water binding both in one;
Northward a city blazing in the sun,
Southward a silvery strip of barren sand;

And eastward, where the dim horizon's line
Melts into mellow dusk of misty blue,
The surging ocean thunders deep and true,
Raging with stormy billows or supine.

What other city has so rich bequest
From bounteous Nature? Radiant sky and sea
Here laugh together; happy winds blow free
Over this foaming highway to the west—

Over a highway to the world that lies
Beyond like some more visionary sphere,
A continent of hope where men reverse
Their liberty, their joy of earth and skies;

Where souls are not condemned as fettered slaves
Doomed to drag out their days in useless toil,
Taught how to suffer, never how to foil
A bloody tyranny built over graves.

How gratefully should weary exiles greet
This Bay of Rest, this cool prismatic Bay,
Where twilight shows a new and golden way
To heights of love, divinely fresh and sweet;

Where ships like childish creatures swirl and dance
As if they knew that all the shining air
Feeds faith and freedom, hope grown strong and fair,
And youth with mighty heart and martial glance.

THE THREE HOMES.

BY J. H. A.

I.

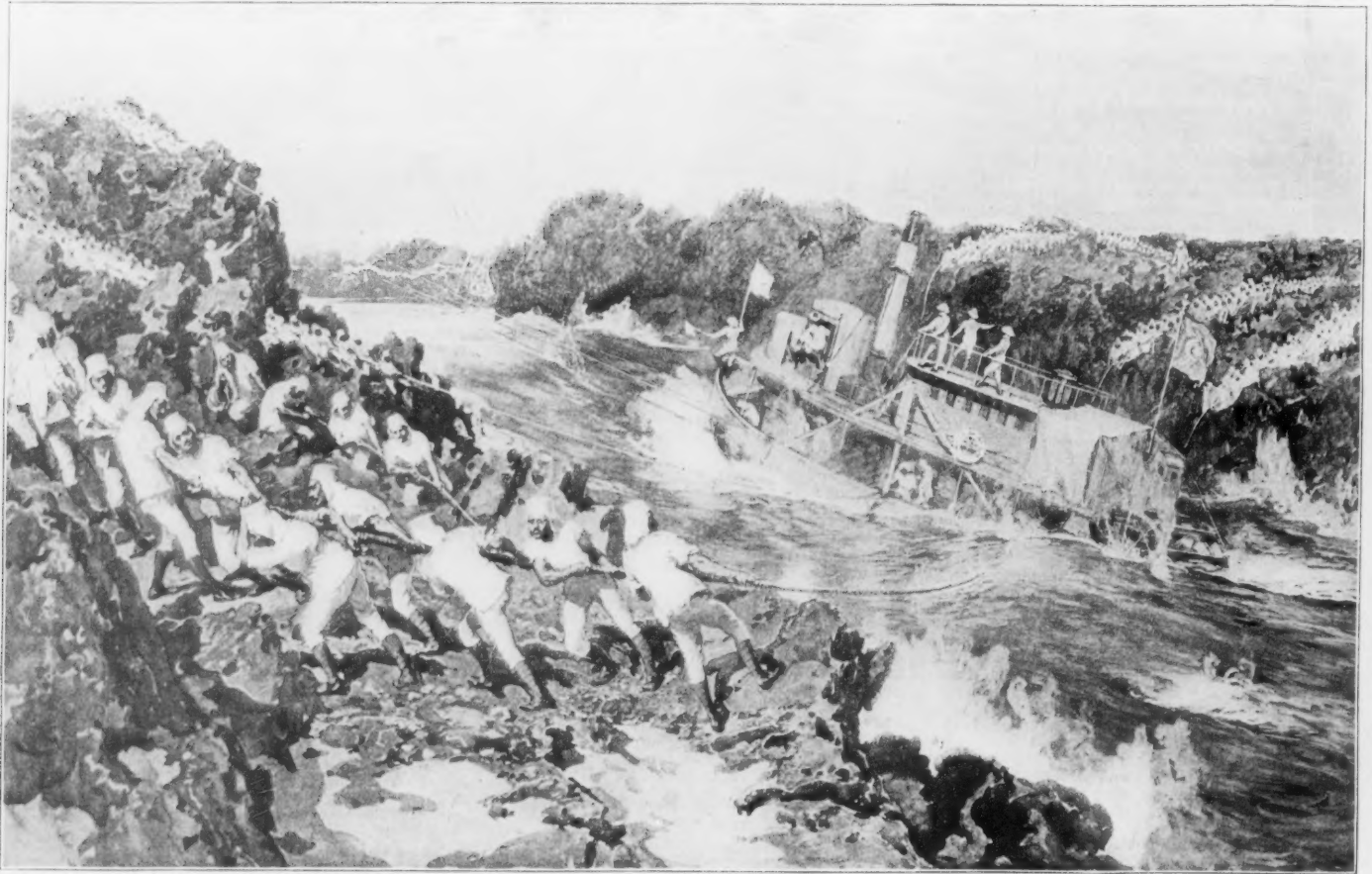
"Where is thy home?" I asked a child,
Who, in the morning air,
Was twining roses, sweet and wild,
In garlands for her hair.
"My home," the happy heart replied,
And smiled in childish glee,
"Is on the sunny mountain-side
Where light winds wander free."
Oh! blessings fall on artless youth
And all its rosy hours,
When every word is joy and truth
And treasures live in flowers.

II.

Where is thy home?" I asked of one,
Who bent with flushing face
To hear a warrior's tender tone
In the wildwood's secret place.
She spoke not, but her varying cheek
The tale might well impart:
The home of her young spirit, meek,
Was in a kindred heart.
Oh! souls that well might soar above,
To earth will fondly cling;
And build their hopes on human love,
That light and fragile thing.

III.

"Where is thy home, thou lonely man?"
I asked a pilgrim gray,
Who came with furrowed cheek, and wan,
Slow musing on his way.
He paused, and, with a solemn mien,
Upturned his holy eyes.
"My home," said he, "thou ne'er hast seen,
My home is in the skies."
Oh! blest, thrice blest the man must be
To whom such thoughts are given,
Who walks from worldly fetters free;
His only home is heaven.



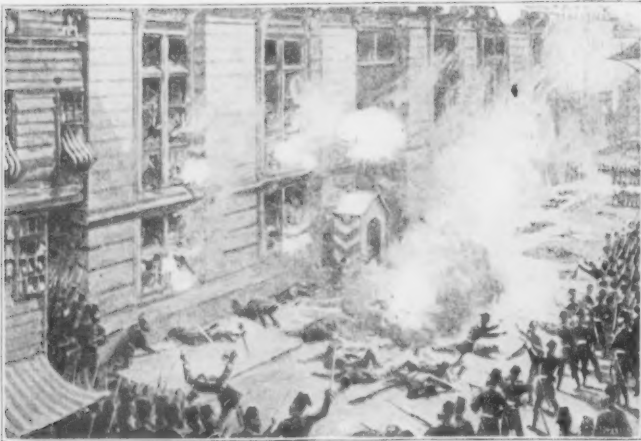
THE ENGLISH NILE EXPEDITION. TOWING THE FIRST GUNBOAT THROUGH THE BAB-EL-KEBIR



THE GERMAN EMPEROR AT BRESLAU. UNVEILING THE STATUE OF WILLIAM I



KILLING ARMENIAN PORTERS WHO HAD THROWN THEMSELVES INTO THE SEA AT STAMBOUL



FIGHT BETWEEN ARMENIAN AND TURKISH SOLDIERS AT THE IMPERIAL OTTOMAN BANK



THE ARRIVAL OF THE HAMIDIEH CAVALRY FROM ARMENIA

SOME RECENT FOREIGN EVENTS.



A WINDFALL.



AN INTERESTING PATIENT.

ECHOES OF THE OLD WORLD.

HOLLOWAY JAIL has become quite a rendezvous for the fashionable world of London. Among recent visitors to the captive hero of the Transvaal raid the place of honor must be accorded to the beautiful Georgiana, Dowager Countess of Dudley. Georgiana has ever been, like Cesar's wife, above suspicion. She was the belle of the Moncrieffs, those famous Scotch lassies, daughters of Sir Thomas Moncrieff, Bart., who took London by storm; and when the rich and eccentric Earl of Dudley married Miss Georgiana, during her first London season, great was the chagrin in Mayfair and Belgravia. Her husband died many years ago, and she has remained a widow ever since. Her son, the present Earl of Dudley, followed in his father's footsteps as regards a marriage for love without coin. The present Countess of Dudley, his wife, was, before her marriage, Miss Gurney, one of the smartest young shopgirls at the establishment of Madame Elise, in Regent Street. She (Miss Gurney) was a member of an old and once rich family; but troubles came, and she was obliged to work for her living, which she did by attending this famous millinery store. This did not prevent her going into the highest society, through the kind interest and sympathy of a titled relative, a dame of high degree, and thus she met the young Earl of Dudley.

There is a great spirit of clanship among all the natives of the Land o' Cakes. Lord Rosebery has also visited his compatriot, Dr. Jim, who plays the hero and the martyr to perfection. Meantime the "boys" in the Sudan are relieving the dull routine of camp life, with all its concomitants of cholera, enteric fever and excessive heat, by horse-racing, diversified by an occasional trot-out of the camels, donkeys and champion pedestrians, who in the early morning indulge in foot races. A most interesting event of this kind took place lately seven miles up the river from Kosheh, and proved a great success. The Gynkhana, as it is called, was organized by the commanding officer of the Welsh Regiment, Captain W. S. Sparkes. The first event was the race for the Firket Cup; then came the Carleton Cup race, and the camel corps race followed. Thus the early part of the day passed. But during the night the camp was visited by the worst sandstorm with which it has yet been afflicted.

I hope you no longer harbor any delusion as to the British policy in Africa. The marching orders are: "Onward to Khartoum." To sum up the situation into a nutshell, Lord Salisbury intends to swallow Africa whole, metaphorically speaking, and no time will be lost in gulping down this vast region into that cosmopolitan area known as the British Empire.

Soldiers, advance, is the motto, and they are advancing with deadly precision, for the natives. But one must confess it is in the cause of civilization. In those vast regions covered by the territory from the west of Morocco to the east of Egypt, across Central Africa, Zanzibar, the two sides of the Equator, and on to the outskirts of Cape Colony, slavery is as much in force to-day as it was before the Christian era. The vile trade in human beings is carried on daily. As to Turkey, she is an accomplice and a beneficiary in this traffic. In 1892 there was never before seen so large a number of slaves in the market.

At Fezzan, the Governor, instituted by the sublime Porte, sees that every human being sold is taxed, branded for two mahabubs (about nine cents). This brings him at the end of the year a sum of fifty thousand francs. For the last ten years there have been sold in Africa every year more than five hundred thousand slaves. Just picture it, five millions of fellow-creatures! And these figures apply only to the accessible public markets. In these numbers are not included the slaves massacred in the interior, in the chase for life, or those whose corpses lie strewn along the roads, without even the last charity of burial. This gigantic hecatomb of five hundred thousand victims is renewed every year before the eyes of civilized Europe—one hundred years after the French Revolution, and in contempt and defiance of the solemn declarations and absolute engagements of the Congress of Vienna in 1814, of the Conference of Verona in 1822, and of the Congress of Berlin in 1844. Let the English then enter Africa, and abolish slavery forever.

The Khedive Abbas Pasha of Egypt, is supposed to be ready to abdicate any moment, if it were made worth his while to do so. He is rich, and would infinitely prefer to live as his own master in Vienna or Paris. He is a firm ally of the English, understands the language well, and if he got a liberal allowance would retire.

Major Lothaire, the Belgian officer acquitted by his countrymen in Brussels of the murder of Mr. Stokes, will return immediately to Congo, where a new and more important command awaits him.

Major Coventry has, since his release from Holloway Jail, been staying with his sister, Lady Barbara Dudley Smith, at Sutton Park, Bedfordshire.

All these wondrous preparations now going on in France for the reception of the Czar and Czarina show that the French, like the Israelites of old, long for a King of their own. Whether the Duc d'Orleans will be the Saul of their choice, and wear the crown of St. Louis, is one of those problems which most likely will be solved before the dawn of the twentieth century.

On the 6th of October, as at present arranged, about ten o'clock in the morning, the Imperial train conveying the Czar and Czarina will arrive at the station de la Muette. For the solemn entry into Paris the itinerary will be: The Avenue Bois de Boulogne, Place de l'Etoile, passing the Arc de Triumphant, Avenue des Champs Elysees, Place and Bridge de la Concorde, Boulevard St. Germain, Rue Saint-Simon, to the Russian Embassy, where their Majesties will reside during their stay. After a dejeuner at the Embassy the Imperial pair will proceed to the Russian church, where a Te Deum will be chanted. They will then go to the Elysee to visit the President of the Republic, and then return to the Embassy to await President Felix Faure's return visit. His Eminence Cardinal Ferrata, as Dean of the Diplomatic Corps, will ask the Czar's consent to present to

him the Ambassadors and Ministers accredited to the French Government. The presentation of the Diplomatic Corps will take place in the afternoon. In the evening a grand dinner at the Elysee, but no evening reception. About half past nine the sovereigns and the President will be present at a gala representation at the Theatre Francais. Next day, 7th October, the Czar and Czarina will visit the principal monuments in the city—the Louvre, Les Invalides, La Sainte Chapelle, Notre Dame, L'Hotel de Ville, the Pantheon, the Sorbonne, etc., and in the evening will be present at the opera. October 8 they will be present at a review of the troops. In the afternoon they will go to Versailles, and in the evening, on their return, will view the fireworks and illuminations in their honor, which will transform the already beautiful city into realms of fairy-like splendor. They will depart at night en route for Russia.

The almost dramatic tragedy of Prince Lobanoff's death has of course cast a gloom over the Imperial party. During his sojourn at Vienna, in attendance on the Czar, the Prince several times avowed that he was much fatigued. The position of Minister for the Foreign Affairs of the Russian Empire is no sinecure. One day, while in conference at the Austrian capital with Count Nigra, Italian Ambassador, and Count Eulenbergh, German Ambassador, the Prince fell into a syncope. He was rapidly recalled to consciousness, when he explained that for some time he had been suffering from ossification of the arteries, and that he would go immediately to Dresden for massage treatment. It was for this reason the Russian Minister left Vienna, where otherwise he should have remained some days longer, and then gone to Kieff. The Prince had not strength to reach his destination. He expired at the moment the Imperial train entered the station of Kassatin.

The German specialist, Professor Bergman, called to attend Count Von Schouvaloff (Governor of Russian Poland, with a residence at Warsaw) during his recent attack of paralysis, says that his patient is slowly recovering.

Prince Bismarck, in his retirement at Frederickshagen, looks out on the world of politics, the arena in which for many years he played so conspicuous a part. He views the Anglo-Russian alliance with much disfavor, and to open the eyes of his countrymen as to English influence in Africa and elsewhere published lately in a Berlin journal a letter written in 1875 by himself to Emperor William I. In this letter the Prince complains bitterly of the personal intervention of Queen Victoria, which prevented the retaking up of hostilities against France, at that time projected. Once more it is a case of "*cherchez la femme*." Until now it was thought the war had been averted only through the sole intervention of Czar Alexander, grandfather of the present Czar; but this letter of Prince Bismarck teaches us that Queen Victoria shared with the Czar the merit of having preserved the peace of Europe. This explains the great hostility Prince Bismarck has ever shown against the Queen, the Empress Frederick, England, and the English in general.

The decline of the French nation in point of numerical strength is attracting the attention of French philanthropists and patriots. Many schemes are on foot for the promotion of early marriages, and for a law exempting from taxation families whose children outnumber three.

Since the first introduction of horseflesh into Paris, July 1, 1896, the demand has gone on increasing. It has now reached a total of thirty thousand horses for the year ending last June.

The danger of using real weapons on the stage, exemplified in such a tragic and startling manner at the Novelty Theater, London, a few weeks ago, by the sudden stabbing and death of the actor Crozier, has had its counterpart on the stage of the Poszareutz Theater, Berlin, Germany. During the performance of a play entitled "The Battle of Kossow" an insurgent leader has to stab the Sultan Mouraz, who falls back dead. A young player, who took the part of the insurgent leader, was so carried away by excitement that he dealt the Sultan a blow with great force, and the weapon penetrated his chest, causing instant death.

The first execution of a woman for the space of forty-five years has taken place in the town of Mataro, near Barcelona, Spain. Theresa Boix was accused by public report of having poisoned her husband. She was arrested, more than two years ago, in the village of Dos Rios, and appeared in November, 1894, before the Court of Assizes at Barcelona. The jury acquitted her. The Public Minister appealed against this verdict, obtained the revision of the decree, and during the 14th, 15th and 16th of last February the jurors found Theresa Boix guilty and condemned her to death. The intervention of the entire population of Mataro was voiced in a petition for pardon addressed to the Queen Regent of Spain. To this were added the petitions of the clergy and the civil authorities, all in vain. The Queen Regent was inflexible. The scaffold was erected on a wide space before the prison, and at break of day Theresa Boix, twenty-two years of age, and the mother of three children, was executed by hanging. An immense crowd from the neighboring villages witnessed the dreadful spectacle. The unfortunate woman took a last repast with her three children before ascending the scaffold.

Vienna, the capital of Austria, counts hundreds of bicyclists. A great deal of comment has been aroused by the recent decision of a magistrate, who condemned a bicyclist to pay large damages to a postman, whom he had knocked down in his wild gyrations. The bicycle was smashed, and the owner thereof brought a counter charge for damages against the postman. But his suit failed. Now the bicyclists claim that a magistrate before pronouncing sentence should qualify himself by practice, and thus be able to speak from experience.

The Queen of Sweden is one of the richest women in the world. She owes her great wealth to the gambling tables at Wiesbaden, Germany, which were owned by her brothers, from whom she inherited her vast fortune.

Sufferers from pulmonary troubles see a ray of hope in the new effort about to be made for their benefit.

One of the big steamship companies in London has ordered a steamship to be built for the "sole use of invalids." It is to be a vessel of the largest class, fitted up with a luxury never before attempted, to be devoted entirely to the service of wealthy sufferers, who can only prolong life in the dry, salubrious climate of perpetual summer. An eminent corps of medical men will be on board, and the cuisine will be in charge of chefs trained to the delicate task of ministering to the refined and capricious taste of invalids. The vessel will make its initial trip next autumn and winter in the Mediterranean.

Some time ago a Jewish financier in New Zealand offered to subscribe one thousand pounds toward the cost of a battleship to be presented to the British Government if the people of the colony would raise the remainder of the money required. This offer has not stimulated the patriotism of the New Zealanders and the necessary money has not been subscribed. The financier has therefore withdrawn his offer and divided the one thousand pounds among local institutions at Reefton.

A famous Maori chief has just passed away in New Zealand, in the person of A. Poro Taratutu, who struck the first blow in the Waikato War by destroying the printing press at Teawamutu, owned by Sir John, at that time, Mr. Gorst.

The tallest princess in Europe is the Crown Princess of Denmark, who stands six feet three inches in evening shoes. Next to her comes the Crown Princess Stephanie of Austria, now on a tour through Great Britain and Ireland. She has visited most of the places of interest in the Emerald Isle—Dublin, Wicklow, Limerick, the wild romantic coast of Clare, and enjoyed the ocean breezes from Lookout Cliff, Kilkee, which gives an incomparable view of the broad Atlantic. Killarney, Cork and the Giant's Causeway have all been visited by the Princess.

It will be remembered the admiration of the Empress of Austria for Ireland and the Irish, during the happy days she spent hunting with The Ward Union and the "Killing Kildares," many years ago. Queen Victoria discouraged these visits on the part of her Imperial "cousin," so they were discontinued.

Nine thousand pounds a year is the pay of the British Ambassador in Paris, and it is quite insufficient to keep up the position in the style befitting the representative of Great Britain. This was one of the reasons of the retirement of the Marquess of Dufferin and Ava. Five thousand pounds a year was the pay of the Governor of the Cinque Ports up to the time of the Duke of Wellington's appointment in 1829. The present Governor is Lord Dufferin.

Colonel Machado, the Governor of Portuguese East Africa, has been recalled to Portugal for having shot rebels a year ago, and for having assisted the Chartered Company with arms and ammunition.

The Baltic Canal is still blocked by the sunken Danish steamer "Johan Seim," which lies at the entrance to the waterway.

The laying of the Canadian Pacific cable is under consideration. The views of the Canadian Prime Minister, Mr. Laurier, will soon be made known on the subject.

The Princess of Wales, who has been at Graunden, Upper Austria, with the Duke and Duchess of Cumberland (the latter her sister, the Princess Thyra) will proceed thence to Copenhagen, traveling by way of Lubeck. She will stay in Denmark until her return to Sandringham for the 30th of October, after which the Prince and Princess of Wales will entertain large house parties. The Dowager Empress of Russia will, it is expected, visit Sandringham during the autumn.

The Marquess of Ripon, as Mayor of the ancient city which celebrated in 1886 the one thousandth anniversary of its civic life, gave a grand historic tournament lately to the citizens and the whole surrounding country folk, at his superb seat, Studley Royal, Yorkshire. The Marchioness, as Mayoress, was presented with a gold chain as her insignia of office. It will be worn by every successive Mayoress in turn.

King Humbert approached the Pope lately with a view to having the marriage of the Prince of Naples and Princess Helena of Montenegro solemnized by a Cardinal and with befitting pomp. The Vatican in reply to this overture made the granting of the request conditional on the ceremony being performed in some other city than Rome. The King, however, objected, and the ceremony will now be performed quietly by the Court chaplain in the chapel of the Sudario.

The Very Rev. Prior Dom Jerome Vaughan, O.S.B., brother of Cardinal Archbishop Vaughan of Westminster, died on the 9th of September at the Priory of Charlton-Cum-Hardy, Manchester. The Vaughans are descendants, in a direct line, of Count Herbert of Vermandois, who came to England with William the Conqueror in 1066.

NO IDLE FORMALITIES.

"If I have one possession above another that I value," says Charles C. Abbott in "Lippincott's," "it is my time, my living, my concerns with myself; and there is no surplage to be bestowed upon formalities that bring neither pleasure nor profit and do not redound to my credit in any way in which the subject can be looked at. I insist that there is nothing churlish in this view. I have not those in mind whom I call my friends, but the average caller, the 'company' that is dying—but alas, never dies—to know what your most secret thoughts have been that day, so that he or she may announce them to some other victim of his or her calling list. This is not evidence that I am averse to a lively chat over the fence with my next-door neighbor, nor that I do not love to discuss old times with a former playmate when we meet. All such occurrences—and they have an added charm when happening by chance—are delightful and of quite another character: they are as honest, outspoken and hearty as that sweetest music in the world, the laughter of childhood. The frankness of a pleasant meeting is as refreshing and soul-satisfying as the formalities of 'company' are arid and degrading."

LEE RICHARDSON, THE PREMIER FANCY BICYCLE RIDER OF THE WORLD.

LEE RICHARDSON is undoubtedly the most graceful, lithe and supple of all the trick and fancy bicyclists before the public. Every movement of his young body, for he is only eighteen years of age, is the poetry of motion. Whether or not he is the most clever exponent of fancy bicycling is a matter for argument, but it is generally conceded that he is without an equal. He has ridden a bicycle since he was four years of age, but had never given a public exhibition on a safety previous to four years ago when he appeared at the Milwaukee Exposition where he scored a great hit.

Since his first public appearance he has filled engagements in all parts of the United States, always being in demand for the leading Cycle events throughout the country. His recent most important engagements were at the National Meet of the League of American Wheelmen at Louisville, the Springfield, Mass., bicycle tournament, and before the Edison Kinetoscope at Orange, N. J. He is expecting to visit the principal cities in Europe next season.



Lee Richardson.

From a photograph by Worden, Chicago



Lee is a Chicago boy and the son of L. M. Richardson, an official of the Monarch Cycle Mfg. Co. He is the best dresser in the business, and always creates a most favorable impression with his audience.

THE WEEK AT HOME.

THE correct pronunciation of the name of the State of Arkansas has been officially designated. For a long time there has been considerable difference of opinion among even the best-informed citizens of that State and the rest of the Union on this point. The matter has been finally disposed of by the adoption by the General Assembly of the following concurrent resolution: Resolved, By both Houses of the General Assembly, that the only true pronunciation of the name of the State, in the opinion of this body, is that received by the French from the native Indians, and committed to writing in the French word representing the sound, and that it should be pronounced in three syllables, with the final 's' silent, the 'a' in each syllable with the Italian sound, and the accent on the first and last syllables, being the pronunciation formerly universally and now still most commonly used, and that the pronunciation with the accent on the second syllable with the sound of 'a' in man and the sounding of the terminal 's' is an innovation to be discouraged. March, 1881. Everybody now pronounces the name "Ar-kan-saw."

Succoth, the Feast of the Tabernacles, one of the important Hebrew holidays, but one which is little known to the Christian world, was celebrated last week, beginning on September 22, and lasting seven days. The feast was observed with great solemnity.

Professor Henry Moissan, of the University of Paris, president of the French Chemical Society, who has become

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famous as the man who made artificial diamonds, has arrived in New York from Havre. Professor Moissan comes as a representative of the University of Paris to the Princeton sesqui-centennial, which will be celebrated on October 20, 21 and 22 in Princeton. He is a noted man in France and had much to do with the success of the electric furnace. He was met at Quarantine by Professor Humphries of Princeton and at the dock by Professor C. A. Doremus. While in this country he will be the guest of Professor Marquand, professor of arts at Princeton.

Contrary to the anticipations of some of the members of the faculty of Yale University, the applications for admission have not fallen off this year. In point of fact, their number has increased. The number of applications for admission in the Sheffield Scientific School, Yale's scientific department, is thirty-four larger than last year. The entering class will number about one hundred and eighty, against one hundred and fifty last fall. The entering classes in the divinity school and the academic department are slightly larger than last year.

Alexander Salvini, the actor, is reported as being very ill with a stomach trouble. He has not recovered from the illness from which he suffered last winter. He became ill in Montreal, and his condition became worse while he was at his father's villa near Florence. He is now in that city, and his engagements up to February have been canceled.

The Navy Department has issued an order forbidding the use of "holystones" or "prayer-books" for cleaning the decks of our warships. These articles have been in vogue since the first vessels were built for the navy, and until the steel ships were constructed it was believed they never would be dispensed with. Naval constructors found, however, that

in many instances the decks had been worn away from one to two inches, and, as they are not so heavy by three inches as the decks of the wooden vessels, a loss of an inch made a great difference. The disappearance of the "holystone" will also be followed by that of the "prayer-book," as the smaller hand-scrubbing stone is called.

Washington County, Kentucky, has lately been the scene of a number of riotous outbreaks against the system of turnpike toll-gates which still prevails there. The rioters destroyed several of the toll-houses and threaten further destruction if the system is not abolished.

Mrs. Julia Bradley, a very old woman of Peoria, Ill., has bestowed all her fortune on the Chicago University, on condition that a branch school be opened in Peoria. The gift, which is said to exceed two million dollars, she has contemplated for about fifteen years. A short time ago she decided she would like to see the school at work before she died, and the incorporation papers are now drawn. It will be called "The Bradley Polytechnic Institute," and two of the seven directors will be associated with the University of Chicago.

The announcement has been made through Harvard College Observatory that Dr. Lewis Swift, of Echo Mountain, Cal., has discovered a new comet. When first observed it was one degree east of the sun. The following day it was north of the sun and fainter.

Charles Cavill has accomplished the feat of swimming across the Golden Gate. He was accompanied on his trip by a fleet of sailboats and steamers. Cavill is said to be the only man who ever accomplished this feat. He was one hour and fifteen minutes covering the distance. The distance straight across is only about one and a quarter miles, but before his feet touched bottom on the opposite shore Cavill had swum seven miles. The tide, a very strong ebb stream, interfered with him. He went into the water at 3.30, and at 4.45 he walked ashore on the other side. Throngs of spectators dotting the heights applauded the finish.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

WITH THE NILE EXPEDITION.

THE first attempt by the British Nile Expedition to get a gunboat through the Bab-el-Kebir has been successful. The perils attending the towing of gunboats over this cataract between Wady Halfa and Gemal were great, and the achievement is looked upon as one of unusual importance. The channel, even in its widest part, is so narrow that there was barely room for the vessel to drift clear of the rocks. The course was somewhat zigzag, and the boat made slow headway against the foaming rapid, carefully avoiding places where whirling eddies told of rocks below the surface. At the final tug the boat rose with her bow high out of the water, her decks sloping so steeply that it was impossible for any one to keep his footing without holding on by ropes or railings. For several moments she hung thus, the foaming eddies breaking completely over the stern wheel. Then a recurring wave lifted her stern and she glided over the great obstacle into slack water.

THE SITUATION IN TURKEY.

The arrival of the Hamidieh Cavalry from Armenia in Constantinople is regarded with suspicion by the European residents of that city, owing to the semi-barbarous character of the men composing the command. These men are recruited from the unmanageable Kurdish tribes, and were incorporated in the Turkish army about five years ago, for the purpose, it is said, of checking the too rapid advance of the Armenian race. The Sultan ordered them to Constantinople in order to ease the situation in Armenia and, it is said, as a protection against the guards around his palace, of whom he is suspicious. His own safety depends on the mutual enmity of these guards and the Kurds.

The scenes of bloodshed in the Sultan's dominions continue. A terrible scene of butchery was recently witnessed opposite the Custom House at Stamboul. A number of Armenian porters who had jumped into the sea to escape the soldiery were killed in the water by Mussulman boatmen. Another scene of bloodshed occurred August 26, when a band of Armenian insurgents attacked the Ottoman Bank. They took possession of the building and fired at the Turkish soldiers who came to turn them out. The fighting lasted eleven hours, many of the soldiers being killed by bombs thrown by the insurgents. The seizure of the bank was made the excuse for a general massacre of Armenians throughout the city.

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THE STATUE OF WILLIAM I.

The monument at Breslau to Emperor William I. of Germany has been unveiled by the present Emperor. The statue, as is usual, had been draped, and at a signal from the Emperor the cords were loosened and the ceremony was performed. Our illustration shows the scene of the unveiling before the troops marched past.

NANSEN AND JACKSON IN THE NORTH.

The meeting of Dr. Nansen and Mr. Jackson in Franz Joseph Land is perhaps the most notable of the many strange tales that are told of Arctic expeditions. When they met, although known to each other, Mr. Jackson hardly recognized his friend. This is hardly a cause for wonder in view of the description of Nansen furnished by one of Jackson's party. "Now," says Mr. Fisher, the botanist of that party, "we had time to look at Nansen, and it is certain his nearest relation would not have recognized him. He was absolutely black from head to foot. His light hair and mustache were jet black, and there was not a speck of white about his face or hands. He looked for all the world like a nigger, and the brightness of his eyes was accentuated by the grime of his face, which had been blackened by the blubber-smoke. His clothes—the one suit he had worn for fifteen months—were stiff with blood and oil, with which his face and hands were also covered." As soon as ever the first greetings were over, Dr. Nansen and Lieutenant Johansen enjoyed what was to them a great luxury—a good wash.

THE AUSTRALIAN CRICKETERS.

The Australian cricketers, who arrived here September 15, after an extended visit to England, are expected to make a splendid showing in the series of games they are to play in this country. The schedule includes games with the Philadelphia, New Jersey Athletic Club, Belmont Club and Haverford College teams, after which they will visit Chicago and San Francisco, sailing from the latter city for home on October 15.

Of the present team five have already played in this country in 1893—Captain Trott, Griffin, Trumble, Gregory and Graham. With the new players the team is a representative of the best cricketers in all Australia, and has won a large proportion of the honors in England. Clement Hill is the youngest member of the team, being only nineteen years of age. J. J. Kelly and A. E. Johns are the wicket keepers, and it is held by many that Johns is the equal of Blackham in that position.

THE MINUET.

The first Minuet is said to have been composed by Lully the Elder, and was danced by Louis XIV. in 1653 at Versailles. Its music is in 3 time and is well known by the celebrated *Minuet de la Cour*, frequently introduced in stage performances.

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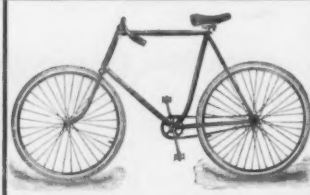
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